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THE SHOCK OF CHICAGO

Hussein to Ron: Drop Dead

John Hersey on Luce • Anthony Burgess on García Márquez

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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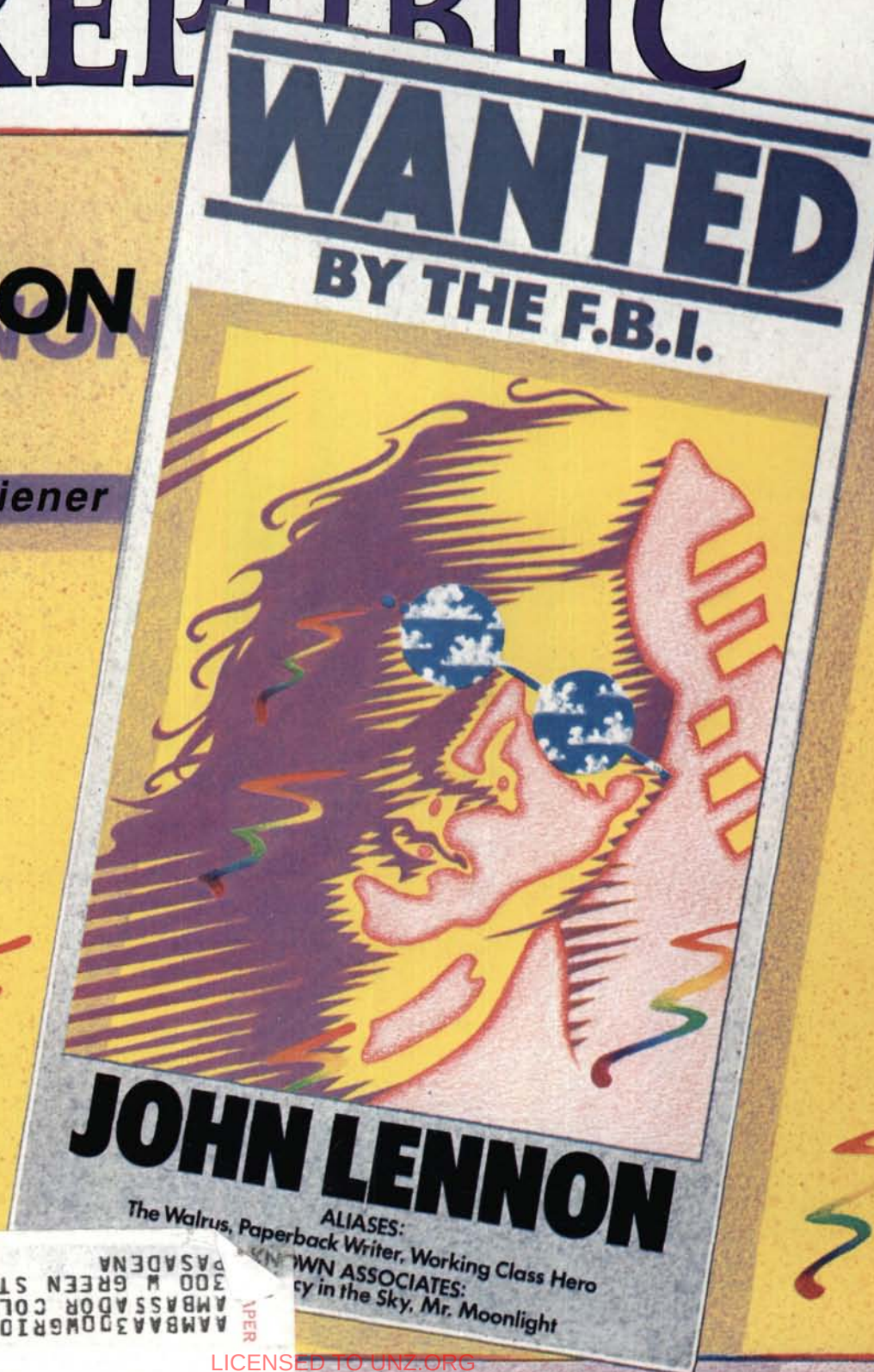
by Jon Wiener



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CORRESPONDENCE

INDIA'S DIVERSE UNITY

To the editors:

Your editorial, "The Atrocity in Assam" (TNR, March 21), is most disheartening. The opinion expressed reflects a very poor perception of the reality of the recent tragic events in Assam. Atrocities in Assam are no more a test of modernity than the massacres at My Lai or Beirut for Western nations concerned. Violence abounds in the modern world without any geographical limitation.

In the particular case of India, factionalism is pronounced insofar as the country is heterogeneous in its demographic spectrum. To imply, for that reason, that the idea of a nation may not be applicable to a postcolonial world is but a poor judgment. It is the unity in diversity that India as a nation does and should stand for. Factional differences should not be equated to the historic differences between a nation and an empire. It is for this reason that Mahatma Gandhi's vision of an undivided India was a sound concept. Hindu-Moslem unity in the mind of Mahatma Gandhi was the only plausible alternative for the subcontinent. Events of the last thirty-five years since India's partition confirm the fact that division based on religion was no solution to the problems of the subcontinent. Your editorial correctly points out the various religious, ethnic, and linguistic divisions. But would you give vent to all those fissiparous tendencies and splinter India into a thousand pieces? By sheer mismanagement and mishandling of the problem, the government in Delhi has not only precipitated the recent election violence but also aggravated the problem to an extent that India's integrity is now at stake.

AMULYA K. SAIKIA
Massapequa, New York

GREEK TRAGEDY

To the editors:

Ronald Steel's "NATO's Bad Boy" (TNR, March 21) did not discuss how in the Kapsis-Bartholomew talks about the future of the American bases in Greece, Washington is employing the question of military-related assistance to Greece as a tool by which to influence Athens to accept the presence of those bases on its soil on American terms only.

The Reagan White House hopes to increase military aid for Turkey from $767.7 million in 1983 to $934 million in 1984. Aid planned for Greece, however, would rise only from $281.2 million to $281.7 million.

In view of the ongoing martial law rule in Turkey and that nation's continuing occupation of the territory of the Cypriot nation, not to mention the policy being followed by Ankara of illegally settling mainland colonies there, Reagan's largesse to the generals ruling Turkey will hardly contribute to the maintenance of stability and peace in the Aegean or the east Mediterranean. And any fool can see how such an unthinking increase in aid to Turkey will play havoc with NATO by encouraging Turk adventurism.

ALEXANDER CUTRULES
Yuma, Arizona

EL SALVADOR AND VIETNAM

To the editors:

In the editorial, "How to Help El Salvador" (TNR, March 28), the editors accuse both the left and the right in the United States of allowing Vietnam to interfere with "America's perception of America's interest" in El Salvador. Unfortunately, the editors have allowed Vietnam to interfere with their own perception of America's interest.

The editors apply to El Salvador three erroneous assumptions also applied to Vietnam:

1) *Like Vietnam, El Salvador contains a viable "center" that will participate in free elections and cooperate with the United States's proposed Marshall Plan for Central America.* As the editors admit, the moderate Christian Democrats constitute only a small part of Salvadoran society. The editors provide no evidence to indicate that "the left wing of the right" and "the right wing of the left" have the desire or the ability to form a broad coalition to oppose both the guerrillas and the Salvadoran Army.

2) *As in Vietnam, the United States has the right, duty, and power to foster American-style institutions and values among foreign cultures.* The editors' hope for free elections and the spread of such ideas as constitutionalism and the sanctity of private property betrays the-world-can-be-like-us optimism of Americans in Vietnam.

3) *Like the Vietcong, the Salvadoran guerrillas have no real support among the population.* By definition a guerrilla army must live off the countryside, and no guerrilla army can survive long without popular support. This is true in El Salvador, in spite of assistance from Nicaragua and Cuba.

By advocating both the "withdrawal of any and all support from the repressors themselves" and the refusal to negotiate with the guerrillas, the editors have placed themselves in a no-win situation similar to America's predicament in Vietnam. The repressors are the army, and the moderates in El Salvador have no army. Once the United States withdraws support from the army, it is not likely that the guerrillas can be defeated and the moderates installed.

BRADFORD NEWFIELD
Pacific Palisades, California

U.S. NEWS & WORLD DISTORT

To the editors:

In his Washington Diarist ("Wounds," TNR, April 4) M. P. gives us examples of the imaginative captions *U.S. News and World Report* provides for its photographs of the Middle East. I am happy to contribute an item from the same magazine, courtesy of distinguished military historian Trevor Dupuy.

To dramatize the suffering caused by the fighting in Lebanon this past summer, *U.S. News* printed in its August 2, 1982, issue a poignant picture of an Arab woman mourning at a graveside in Beirut. However, as Colonel Dupuy points out, "Those who read Arabic could see, from the words on the tomb, that this was the grave of Halad Belaty who died on 29 Ramadan, 1400, that is on August 10, 1980, almost two years before the Israeli invasion."

From these and other examples I have encountered, too numerous to mention, last year's media coverage of Lebanon must take its place in the history of humbug along with the Piltdown Man and the Cardiff Giant.

ROBERT A. RIESMAN
Providence, Rhode Island

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,563

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

MURMURS OF CRANSTON

If this town could talk, you would be hearing the name Alan Cranston. It is not anything like a din, more like a low murmur, actually, but it's noteworthy that the name is being mentioned at all. The latest Gallup poll has him the choice of just 3 percent of the Democratic voters, behind even Jerry Brown (6 percent) and George McGovern (4 percent), who, unlike Cranston, are neither running nor stand a chance. The talk, though, is that Cranston does. It is said he actually stands for something.

This is heresy, the orthodox view being (or having been until recently) that all the Democratic nominee need be is not Ronald Reagan. If that is still true (and the Waving Wonder may yet prove it wrong), it applies only to the general election. Before that, there is the little matter of the primaries, the winners of which in recent years have been candidates who, like Cranston, looked hopeless at the starting gate but won because they stood for something.

The two who come to mind, of course, are Jimmy Carter and the aforementioned McGovern. At this point in the 1976 race, Carter was supported by a whopping 4 percent of all Democrats. He was such a political nonentity that when Ted Kennedy announced he would not be a candidate for the 1976 nomination, Jules Witcover and Richard Cohen of *The Washington Post* wrote a story analyzing which of the candidates would benefit—and did not mention Carter at all. What they did not know is what Carter himself knew—why he was running. At an early stage, his candidacy was well-defined. Its theme was honesty and integrity, with which Carter scored tellingly and early. It was only later, when his theme became muddled and diffused, that Carter himself became muddled and confused.

The same is true of McGovern. He too started running for the 1972 Democratic nomination hopelessly behind the pack, but he too knew what he was about. He was about being against the Vietnam War, and this was enough to gain him the nomination, although not, it is true, the election.

In fact, Gallup tells us that Carter and McGovern are far from the exception. Going back to 1952, only one nonincumbent Democratic front-runner has actually won the nomination—Adlai Stevenson in 1956, although another one of them did become President. He was the 1952 Democratic front-runner, Dwight Eisenhower who, it turned out, was a Republican. Still, he was the last nonincumbent Democratic front-runner to make it to the White House.

The front-runner at the moment is far and away Walter Mondale. He's beloved by 32 percent of Gallup's Democrats, more than twice John Glenn's 13 percent. So far, with an enormous expenditure of time, effort, and money, Mondale has been able to keep his lead. At all the so-called cattle shows, he has either done well or triumphed, coming in first with nearly 30 percent of the vote at the recent one in Springfield, Massachusetts. The runner-up there was the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s designated hitter, Jobs, but the show position went to a distinct long-shot on the morning line—Alan Cranston, 68 years old and running like a son of a gun.

It is, of course, a matter of political dogma that the standings according to George Gallup are generally thought to reflect nothing more than name recognition at this point. What does matter is a very small number of party activists. They are the people who will make the difference in the Iowa caucus and the New Hampshire primary. In fact, they and the people they proselytize will make the difference in all the early—and some of the later—primaries. They are what Gary Hart calls "the first circle"—the first of a series of concentric circles that have to be hurdled to get the nomination.

The mention of Hart is probably the time to say that when it comes to primaries, he wrote the book—literally. It is called *Right From the Start* and it should be required reading not only for candidates but for primary fans everywhere. In it, Hart details how he ran the 1972 McGovern campaign on a shoestring, a concept, and an issue. The concept was to run a decentralized campaign relying as much as possible on volunteers. Hart used volunteers because he did not have the money to do otherwise, but also because they were, in fact, volunteers. They *really* cared. They worked hard and long, and in state after state they worked wonders for the little-known McGovern.

That hints at why Cranston is performing better than his national standing in the polls would indicate. Almost alone among the candidates, he has carved out an identity on the issues that mean the most to the activists of the Democratic Party—that all-important First Circle. Unlike, say, Mondale, who appears to be running for President so that he can be President, Cranston seems to be running to put an end to the nuclear arms race. He has, in other words, defined his campaign and his reasons for running, and he has done it on an issue that is paramount, if not to the voters, then to the people who will, at least in the primaries, tell the voters how to vote.

This is not to say that the others have not also taken positions. Give them an issue and they will all, after some agony, take a position. But only Cranston gives the impression that he anticipated the issue, that he is not merely answering a questionnaire but actually feels strongly about it. And the issue he feels strongly about would, if it were a color, be a primary one. The so-called nuclear issue is that and much more. It encompasses arms reduction and cutting the Pentagon budget and limiting our involvement in Latin America—a conjunction of the old (and new) peace issues that are to Democratic activists what trickle-down is to Republican ones: pretty much what it is all about.

That is why the name Cranston is being heard more and more in Washington. The first soundings are coming back from the hinterland and Washington is starting to learn something about the concerns of Democratic Party activists. The name being whispered is Alan Cranston. It is rumored he actually stands for something.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 2, 1983

ART FOR POLITICS' SAKE

The limitation of politics is that it lacks transcendence. Social justice and perpetual peace are ideals worth living for, and dying for; but there is a significant strain of the spirit to which they give no nourishment. A world with politics is harder to inhabit when it is a world without art. It is more than a question of escape. It is a question of human heightening, of an extension of experience beyond the material machinery of life. The transit from politics to art is always a change of realms.

The realms are best kept apart, because they are based on different definitions of human needs. Unfortunately, they are often confused. The combustion of politics and art is one of the characteristic phenomena of this century. Sometimes art has intervened in politics, in the name of a picture of paradise. Sometimes politics has intervened in art, in the name of power. The results of these interventions have almost always been disastrous. They have ranged from follies to crimes.

These reflections are occasioned by some recent reports of such follies and crimes. A classic contemporary entanglement of politics and art is John Lennon's F.B.I. file, the full story of which appears in this issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC. But there have been other reports as well, which go from the alarming matter of the totalitarian distortion of art to the amusing matter of the cultural crudity of American conservatism.

—The United States has granted political asylum to a 19-year-old Chinese tennis player called Hu Na, and the government of the People's Republic of China is indignant. That government affects not to understand that an open door may be walked through. It has responded by forbidding the Juilliard String Quartet to play in Peking. The Chinese population will also be deprived of an exhibition of American art and a festival of American films. (They will miss the ballet of *The Turning Point*, the derringdo of *Star Wars*, and the bourgeois capitalist corruptions of *Kramer vs. Kramer*).

So much for the exciting new Eastern exposure to Western culture. The thrill, as B. B. King would say, is gone. The epoch-making exchanges with the P.R.C., the travels of American musicians and artists to the other side of the world, bringing air to a stifled culture, and forms of beauty unseen and unheard—it was all a pawn of politics. China remains stifled. The willingness of its rulers to show their subjects some of the West seems to have been no more than the garnishing of a desire for economic and military aid. It was our mistake to have let go of some of our suspicions about Chinese totalitarianism. Its crazy response to the defection of young Hu Na—the cultural deprivation of itself—is a reminder of the kind of ally China is. It will use us, as we use it. As long as it persists in its present form of government, however, it will never free culture from politics. A political system that makes the Juilliard String Quartet a matter of state is philosophically opposed to our own. None of the charming *chinoiserie* of the American media should blind us to that fact.

—"Although it was never in my repertory, I cannot help quoting Tosca: '*Vissi d'arte*' [I have lived for art]. . . ." Thus Elisabeth Schwarzkopf to *The New York Times*, defending herself against new revelations about her participation in one of the totalitarianisms that preceded China's. Recent research published in Germany indicates that Miss Schwarzkopf lied about the details of her membership in the Nazi Party. "I never became a member," she told a reporter; but the Allied Document Center in Berlin includes her membership file. She joined on January 26, 1940, and was accepted as party member 7548960 on March 1, 1940.

"*Vissi d'arte*" is a poor defense. Whatever the nature of Miss Schwartzkopf's association with the Nazis, she was

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not the kind of heroine that Tosca was. Tosca, who was an opera singer, slew Scarpia, who was the chief of police, because he tortured Cavaradossi, who would not reveal the hiding place of an escaped political prisoner. Come to think of it, Puccini's opera reads quite smoothly as an allegory of the sort of courage that some displayed against the Gestapo and others did not. "*Con man furtiva quante miserie connobi, aiutai. . . ,*" Tosca sings in the very aria Miss Schwartzkopf cites—"when I encountered misfortune I sought secretly to help. . . ." As the news of Napoleon's victory reaches Rome, Cavaradossi cries for joy. Miss Schwartzkopf, too, may have cried for joy as the Allies reached Berlin. She was, in any event, properly de-Nazified. Now she protests that joining the party was like joining a union. "Nothing was more important to [her father] than my singing," and nothing, it appears, was more important to her. Not the ruined careers of sopranos who were Jews. Not the confiscation of liberty in one country after another. Not the murder all around. Through it all, she sang. Not even her voice, however, can make you forget. Her excuses are only embarrassing. It was more than Tosca's aria that was not in her repertory.

Lionel Trilling liked to observe that censoring governments correctly understand the art they censor. They sense the danger. The Germans did, and so do the Russians, and so do the Chinese.

But not the Americans.

—Secretary of the Interior James Watt becomes more and more a legend in his own time. His most recent claim upon the attention of America consists in his attempt to ban rock 'n' roll from the Fourth of July celebration in Washington. Mr. Watt was offended by the music of the Beach Boys. Clearly he has not heard The Clash. Mr. Watt considered the Beach Boys to be faintly un-American, even though they wrote. "She Had Fun, Fun, Fun Till Her Daddy Took Her T-Bird Away." In any event, it is to be Wayne Newton on the Mall instead. Mr. Watt likes Wayne Newton: the fondness of the lip-shooter for the cuff-shooter, perhaps. "We're trying to have an impact for wholesomeness . . . for the family, and for solid, clean American lives. We're not going to encourage drug abuse and alcoholism. . . ." Worthy goals, all. Wayne Newton, however, is the biggest draw in Las Vegas. Has Mr. Watt ever been to Las Vegas? Not exactly a monument to the family, Las Vegas. Wayne Newton has entertained more drug abusers and alcoholics than the Beach Boys ever will.

Still, all's well that ends well. Mr. Watt has struck a blow for rock 'n' roll. The Beach Boys were asked to play the Mall after all; they won't (because, one of them said, they have no wish to upstage Wayne Newton), but their music has been shown to have more admirers than we knew. Ronald and Nancy Reagan spoke up for the Beach Boys, and George Bush called them his friends. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, responding immediately to this official slur upon some of America's best vibrations, betrayed an acquaintance with the Turtles, the Monkees, and the Animals—proving once again that the Senate seats a scholar. Mario Biaggi protested that "rock 'n' roll is here," and fell two words short of Bill Haley's immortal refrain. Alfonse D'Amato called the music "the favorite of millions." If any doubt remained that rock has arrived, then, Mr. Watt has put it to rest. Meanwhile, THE NEW REPUBLIC has learned that the music at the Williamsburg economic summit will be provided by Lou Reed.

THE DEATH OF A PLAN . . .

King Hussein of Jordan, the linchpin of any peaceful settlement in the Middle East, has now declared that he will not come to the table on the basis of the peace plan President Reagan outlined last September 1. After months of negotiations, Yasir Arafat finally rejected Hussein's proposal for a joint Jordanian-Palestinian approach to talks with Israel, aimed at establishing an autonomous West Bank associated with Jordan. Since Hussein goes nowhere alone, he will not be going to the negotiating table.

The Reagan plan, a bold American initiative to revive the Camp David autonomy talks, is dead, and through no fault of the United States. The President dangled before Hussein every possible inducement to enter the talks. First, there was the Reagan plan itself, with its guarantee to Jordan of a favorable outcome: namely, that Hussein would recover the West Bank that he lost by attacking Israel in 1967. Then, last December, came a promise to Hussein that if he moved he would receive the most sophisticated arms in the American arsenal, including advanced jet fighters and Hawk anti-aircraft missiles. Then, during the week of crucial negotiations with Mr. Arafat in early April, came an Administration statement that the United States was prepared to apply maximum pressure on Israel to force it to freeze West Bank settlements—if, once again, Hussein entered the talks. The Administration even threw in a gratuitious little show of American moxie, a hint of muscle, when the President stated that F-16s promised Israel are being withheld to pressure Israel in the current Lebanese negotiations. Short of offering Hussein Tel Aviv (which, of course, is what the P.L.O. wants and why it rejects the Reagan or any other peace plan that is not an Israeli surrender), it is hard to imagine what more the United States could have offered. But Hussein needed more. And what he needed is not within the power even of America to deliver: an Arab consensus for territorial compromise with Israel. The interest of Saudi Arabia, let alone the P.L.O. or Syria, in a Middle East peace that does not erase Israel from the map has yet to be demonstrated. This is something that the United States cannot change; but time and Israeli strength can: Egypt decided after four wars that it could not destroy Israel, that continued warfare would be merely self-destructive, and that the only path is territorial settlement and peace. Other Arab states may adopt Egypt's view, but Washington cannot will it.

As the official Jordanian statement on the breakdown of

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talks with Mr. Arafat indicated exasperatedly, such decisions must be made by the Arabs. The responsibility for creating a consensus to negotiate lies with the Arabs. In that official statement, Jordan washed its hands of the whole West Bank problem by saying that the Arabs had given the P.L.O. authority over the West Bank in 1974, that the P.L.O. had closed the door on the opening offered to it by the Reagan plan in 1982, and that now, "accordingly, we leave it to the P.L.O. and the Palestinian people to choose the ways and means for the salvation of themselves and their land, and for the realization of their declared aims in the manner they see fit."

So King Hussein of Jordan, who ruled the West Bank and still has strong ties to it, pronounces the Reagan plan dead, and declares that it is now up to the Palestinians to find their own way to realize their goals—and within hours the United States declares that the plan is alive and that responsibility for peace lies with Washington. What was President Reagan's response to the message from Amman? "We've made great progress," he said, stepping off the helicopter from Camp David, "and King Hussein has made great progress." One would think he'd spent the weekend on Mars. King Hussein makes it painfully clear that the ball is in the Palestinian court, and Mr. Reagan declares himself ready to serve again. *The New York Times* reports that the State Department's first reaction was to contemplate whether to invite King Hussein to Washington or to send Secretary of State Shultz to the Middle East; and the President tells the press that he has been on the phone with Arab leaders like King Hussein and King Fahd, and that he is about to call up some more. He characterizes the "no" from Amman as "an impediment" to peace, which he blames on "some radical elements of the P.L.O." But if the problem is "some radical elements of the P.L.O.," and neither Mr. Arafat nor King Hussein can appease them, how in heaven's name will Ronald Reagan? If Yasir Arafat is indeed hostage to "radical elements" (which he isn't—he apparently never signed the joint communiqué approved by Hussein, and his own mainline Fatah faction rejected it resoundingly), and if King Hussein is hostage to Mr. Arafat, how is Mr. Reagan to break the logjam—by phoning George Habash? Whether as a public relations effort to salvage Presidential prestige invested in the Reagan plan, or as an expression of fanatical zeal for a quick solution in the Middle East, the President's attempts to disguise reality make for a Middle East policy that is rapidly losing its moorings to reality.

BEFORE PLUNGING AHEAD foolishly with a doomed trip by Secretary Shultz to the Middle East or an equally doomed visit by Hussein to Washington, the President had best face the facts. The first is a historical one: peace becomes possible in the Middle East when Arab leaders, whether out of weariness or courage or self-interest, decide that they are prepared to recognize Israel and to enter into negotiations. That is what Anwar Sadat did, and that is what Hussein is able to do any day. Hussein has very cleverly shifted all the blame for his inaction to Mr. Arafat. Yet Hussein's impossible condition for entering talks—an Arab consensus, which requires the blessing of even the most rabid rejectionists—is self-imposed. There is Arab sentiment, particularly among West Bank Palestinians, for Hussein's entry into talks; it is Hussein who refuses to move without a full consensus at his back.

But the most important fact is geographic: the United States must recognize that the Palestinian problem is an Arab and an Israeli problem, not an American one. The United States did not cause the war against Israel in 1948 that created the Palestinian refugee problem in the first place, nor was it responsible for the policies of all Arab countries (except Jordan) to deny citizenship to the Palestinian refugees and keep them in camps for thirty-five years. (Indeed, the chief economic benefactor through U.N.R.W.A. of the Palestinian refugees has been the United States.) Nevertheless, the United States has brokered the Camp David accords, and presented a plan for territorial compromise on the West Bank that held out hopes for establishing a Palestinian homeland. Yet the answer of the moderate Arabs, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, and the "moderate" irredentists in the P.L.O., has been "no" to Camp David and now "no" to the Reagan plan. How many noes must an Administration hear before it realizes that the initiative for making peace is now in the hands of others?

THIS IS NOT a time for the United States to launch itself blindly into a clearly marked brick wall. That will only do more damage to America's prestige and America's friends, and make American peace efforts in the Middle East look desperate. The United States has played its hand and has done so fairly. The United States should reiterate that its offers are still on the table, and that it awaits any Arab partners willing to get down to business on the basis of the Reagan plan and the Camp David accords. It may be paradoxical, but it is inevitable that there will be many in the Administration and elsewhere who will try to revive the Reagan plan by putting pressure on Israel—by invoking, say, economic sanctions to stop Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Such advice could only come from another willful misreading of the facts. Israeli settlements are not an obstacle to peace in the Middle East: as the official Jordanian statement on the breakdown of the Arafat-Hussein talks makes absolutely clear, settlements are Hussein's overriding *inducement* to enter negotiations: "Jordan has . . . cautioned against letting time pass by without concluding a just and comprehensive peace settlement because time was, and still is, essential to Israel's aim of creating new facts [West Bank settlements] and bringing about a fait accompli [de facto annexation]." (It is worth noting that for the two decades after Israel's founding, when there was not a single Jewish settlement—indeed not a single Jew—on the West Bank, Hussein refused to negotiate with Israel. Settlements have concentrated his mind on the virtues of peace.) Those Arabs who reject anything short of final and total victory argue that time is on their side—that demography, economics, and technology will in the long run make them prevail over Israel. The

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settlements are the one element that puts time on Israel's side. Hussein has emphasized repeatedly that the Israeli settlement policy makes it imperative that an Arab consensus allow him to enter negotiations immediately.

The Reagan Administration has expended time, effort, and prestige on its Middle East peace initiative. It has nothing to be ashamed of. But it soon will, if it petulantly refuses to recognize that peace, when it comes, will have to come out of Amman and Riyadh, and cannot be decreed by the President of the United States.

. . . And Of A Man

Sometimes the death of an enemy is reason for sorrow. There should be some sorrow in Israel. Issam Sartawi was an enemy who worked to create the political conditions in which he would be a friend. He was a Palestinian who wanted to talk with Israelis. Frequently he did. In the Palestinian world, however, a moderate is a marked man. Mr. Sartawi understood that his realism was a reason to fear for his life, but he continued to dissent from the P.L.O.'s maximalist delusions. Finally his radical brothers caught up with him, in Lisbon, at the meeting of the Socialist International. At this late date in the history of the P.L.O.'s rejectionism, Mr. Sartawi's death is not exactly an occasion for despair. Despair is an old feeling about the prospects for Palestinian moderation. It is an occasion for sorrow.

And for anger. Who killed Issam Sartawi? Abu Nidal, the Palestinian gangster in the employ of Syria. The purpose of the assassination was to remind Yasir Arafat of the price of peace. In this respect the assassination was really senseless. Yasir Arafat needed no such reminder. He is not interested in peace. While Mr. Sartawi was in Lisbon, attempting to assuage Western fears about the P.L.O., and dying in the attempt, Mr. Arafat was in Amman, refusing to allow King Hussein to win what might be won for the Palestinians. Mr. Arafat was quick to attribute the assassination to Israel; he is an easy liar. The responsibility for the death of Mr. Sartawi, however, must be placed where it belongs—on the failure of Mr. Arafat to take Mr. Sartawi's advice. At the last Arab summit Mr. Arafat did not even allow Mr. Sartawi to speak, and Mr. Sartawi resigned from the Palestine National Council. Mr. Sartawi never had Mr. Arafat's protection because Mr. Arafat never had Mr. Sartawi's ideas. Those ideas would have required the P.L.O. to move from war to diplomacy, from ideology to pragmatism, from the constant confirmation of its rightness to the sincere effort to find redress for its wrongs. Mr. Sartawi, in short, demanded historical seriousness. But Mr. Arafat is not a historically serious man. The fate of the Palestinians disturbs him less than the fate of the P.L.O. Having been robbed, at long last, of the means to make war, Mr. Arafat is happy to pretend that the Palestinian problem will be solved by his raptures and maneuvers. The Palestinian advocate of peace is dead. The Palestinian obstacle to peace is flying first class.

Naturally the eulogies for Mr. Sartawi will blame Menachem Begin. Israeli intransigence, it will be said, is the real cause of the death of Palestinian moderation. This is morally and politically mischievous. The only thing that prevents the Palestinians from picking themselves up from the floor of history is the Palestinian leadership. No Israeli government will refuse to meet with King Hussein, and no Israeli government will refuse to meet with any Palestinian who recognizes the legitimacy of Israel. Western preachments about Israeli settlements on the West Bank profit the Palestinians nothing. There is only one way in which the settlement of the West Bank can be stopped, or at least frozen, and that is by an Arab appearance at the table. The King of Jordan can stop the Israeli bulldozers, but the chairman of the P.L.O. will not let him.

Who killed Mr. Sartawi? The Palestinians killed him, as they are killing the chance for change. Arafat saw to it in Amman that Mr. Sartawi died in vain. The memory of this moderate man will not be honored by pious pronouncements about Israeli policy, but by angry pronouncements about P.L.O. policy. The Palestinians and their friends in the West must speak honestly to themselves about the sterility of the way in which they are led. They have a choice, which neither the Prime Minister of Israel, nor the King of Jordan, nor the President of the United States, can make for them. They can look for excuses, or for an entry into history.

Chicago's Morning After

In 1972 there were 13 black members of the House of Representatives, 169 state legislators, and 86 mayors. In 1982 there were 21 black Representatives, 347 legislators, and 223 mayors. This is progress; but until last Tuesday it seemed as if Chicago might eclipse it all.

That didn't happen. Harold Washington's victory in the mayoral election comes as a relief, because it spares the country a harvest of bitterness, of black resentment and white guilt. But it also spares the country from having to face up to some unpleasant truths about racial "pride" and racial bigotry.

Mr. Washington got virtually all of the black vote, 97 percent of it, which amounted to 51.4 percent of the total. To win the election, he needed 16 percent of the white vote; in the event, he got 19 percent of the white vote, which is about 12 percent of the total. We're glad he did, but we would be a good deal gladder if he had gotten rather more of the white vote—and rather less of the black. No doubt people voted as they did for a variety of reasons. And certainly there is a moral difference between a member of a historically subject race voting for one of his or her own and a member of one race (whatever its history)

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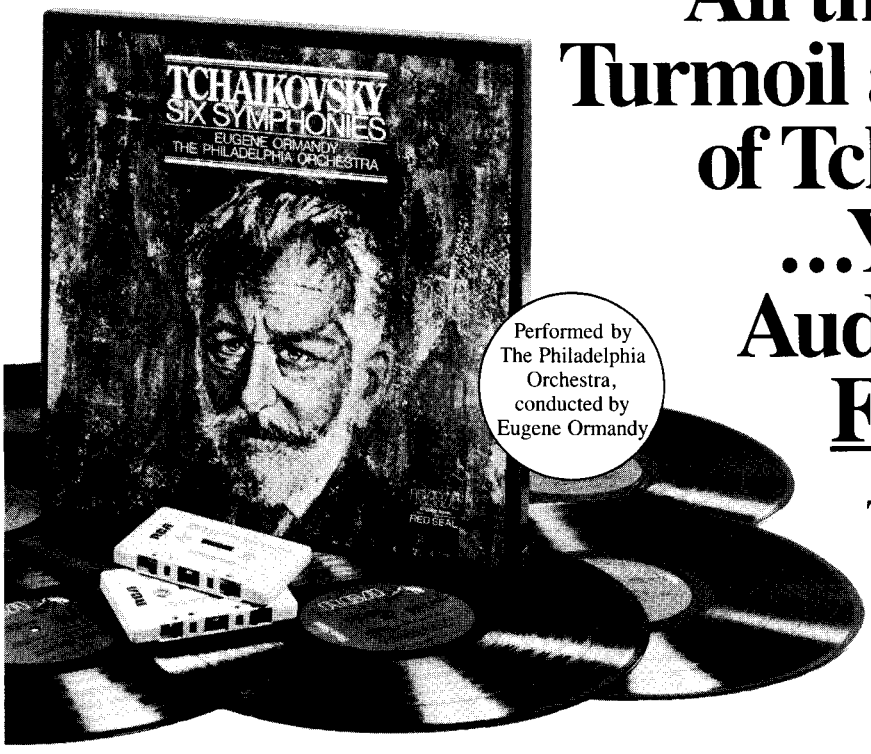

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voting *against* a member of another race solely on that ground. We suppose there is some satisfaction to be drawn from the fact that the negative racism of the whites turned out to be less monolithic than the positive racism, if that's not too harsh a term, of the blacks. But it was on the whole an ugly campaign, drenched in the bitterness of a city's ugly racial history, and there is no satisfaction to be drawn from that.

If the races of the candidates had been reversed—that is, if the Democratic nominee had been a white Congressman with a closetful of tax and ethical skeletons, and the Republican nominee had been a timid black ex-state legislator—there is no doubt that the Democratic candidate would have won overwhelmingly rather than narrowly. But the Democratic victory would have been equally overwhelming if the *ethical records* of the candidates had been reversed—that is, if the Democrat had been a black Congressman who always paid his debts, and the Republican a white tax evader and disbarred lawyer. As Stephen Chapman points out (see "Chicago Squeaker," page 11), race may have narrowed the size of Mr. Washington's victory, but it did not determine the winner.

In the last days of the campaign, both candidates seemed to become aware of the dangerous passions they had unleashed. Mr. Washington, who had made no great effort until then to reach out to white voters, put a good deal of last-minute stress on his intention to unify the city and to be the mayor of all Chicago's people. When the two candidates met in a television studio on election eve, they agreed on the need for them to work together to heal the city no matter who came out ahead at the polls.

Neither candidate was impressive. But in a rambling talk the morning after the election, the Republican, Bernard Epton, said, "The black friends that I've lost, perhaps it's just as well that I found out at this stage . . . but certainly in the future, I'll save a lot of money in charitable causes." Mr. Washington, on the other hand, immediately promised to pursue a politics of coalition-building. So the best man, at least the better man, may have won. We hope he will face up to the fact that the city he now governs is rent by some of the most difficult and demeaning conflicts in American life. If he does, the worst may be over in Chicago.

Hearts Broken And Healed

"The moment of survival is the moment of power," wrote Elias Canetti, in a famous analysis of human brutality. "Horror at the sight of death turns into satisfaction that it is someone else who is dead. The dead man lies on the ground while the survivor stands. . . . In survival, each man is the enemy of every other, and all grief is insignificant measured against this elemental triumph." The evidence of history and the evidence of the senses lend credence to Canetti's dark vision. All of which makes Survivors Village even more impossible to forget.

Survivors Village was what the Convention Center in Washington was called last week, when ten thousand Jewish survivors of the Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jews came to Washington with their families. In Survivors Village there was no interest in power, and not a trace of enmity. Grief was everywhere, and love. And reporters, too, and politicians, and businessmen. No amount of vulgarity, however, and no intrusion of politics, could obscure the essentials of the event. There were smashed-up people as far as the eye could see. It broke your heart.

THE MORAL and historical meaning of the Holocaust has been explored many times, but there was something in Survivors Village that passed understanding. It was the domestic attitude to Auschwitz. For these people, the catastrophe in Europe was an event in their personal history before it was an event in the history of anything else. It was the founding fact of their families before it was the founding fact of their age. They moved with ease among their searing memories. This was a place unlike any other—a place in which those who were not intimate with enormity, who did not experience the worst that human depravity can do, were the strangers.

The strangers who visited Survivors Village saw scenes of the most hopeless hope. People walked about with placards bearing the names of dead relatives, of the cities and towns of the past, and prayed that the names will be recognized, that one Jew less had died, that a brother or sister will be found. They lined up to put the information into computer banks, and as the week wore on the computer sometimes made a match-up, and souls that lived for years in exhaustion suddenly trembled with exhilaration. Not many match-ups were made, however; the Nazis, as everybody knew, did their work well. Still, the Village subsisted on the survivor's ultimate fantasy—the fantasy that there is no finality to history. People passed each other slowly, so that they could read the name tags they all wore. "I'll never find anybody here," a prim little lady from Lodz was heard to say. "They're walking too fast."

But this was all that was futile about this meeting. The rest was a gathering of strength. People reminisced about their hometowns, and the infinite instances of happiness that took place there; for each other they were not "survivors," after all, but people whose different ordinary lives had been changed in the same extraordinary way. There were songs, and religious symbols, and an overwhelming feeling of fight for the Jews. The children talked of their parents, and ministered to their sorrow, and blessed their ability to endure. The hall was filled with the most indescribable tenderness. The Village existed for only three days, but for the survivors it was the first time since their suffering that there existed a society, for that is what the Village was, in which they could be sure that they would be understood.

What these people have done with themselves since the

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catastrophe should be a source of simple awe. They staggered out of the ghettos and the camps, ill and penniless and alone, and during the following decades they returned to family life, and to middle-class life, and to Jewish life, and to public life. The Nazis set out to reduce them as Jews, but they were not reduced. They set out to degrade them as human beings, but they were not degraded. Indeed, this was as unreduced and undegraded a group of people as you could find. There were moments, as you stood in this mass of tormented men, women, and children, speaking many languages and saying the same thing, when all you could see was their dignity, and it was almost enough to heal your heart.

NOTEBOOK

□ THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: " 'An important issue of principle is involved in these selections [of key Eisenhower appointees],' as Sen. Herbert Lehman (D., N.Y.) explained to his colleagues on the Committee on Banking and Currency during one [confirmation] hearing. 'I cannot help but express some concern,' Senator Lehman announced, 'at the appointment by the President of men to administer agencies existing by virtue of Congressional action when they very clearly have their reservation about the usefulness of the agencies, who in some cases have declared their opposition in enmity to the purpose of the agencies. . . . It seems to me that so long as agencies exist by virtue of Congressional action, the men who administer them should be at least friendly or have a completely open mind with regard to them.' " ("Behind the Committee Doors," May 4, 1953.)

Harold Washington's muted victory.

CHICAGO SQUEAKER

Chicago

BEFORE LAST TUESDAY, Chicago's mayoral election was pronounced a referendum on race by the Reverend Jesse Jackson, most of the national news media, comedian Bill Cosby, and the Democratic nominee for mayor. Harold Washington's victory, then, might be expected to erase the image of Chicago as a city of bigots. Unfortunately, that picture was irretrievably imprinted on the national consciousness long before the polls opened. But the election was never as simple as a choice between a black Democrat and a white Republican. If it had been, Washington could have won without straining. Race made it closer than most past mayoral elections have been, but it was Washington himself who nearly made it a Republican triumph.

The question of whether Chicago is a racist city prompts another question: compared to what? It is largely segregated, with growing black and Hispanic populations and a shrinking white one. Its blacks, boasting little political influence, generally feel alienated from the people who govern them. It has many white neighborhoods that prudent blacks avoid. The same things, however, can be said of any number of other American cities—Boston, Philadelphia, Houston, St. Louis, Cleveland, and so on. Chicago's concentration of ethnic groups is often cited as a special curse. But there's no reason to believe that Chicago's Poles or Greeks are any more bigoted than the plain vanilla Anglo-Saxons in Atlanta or Kansas City. Ordinarily a black mayor is the sign not of unusual racial harmony but of a black majority—as in Detroit, Gary, Newark, and Atlanta. Los Angeles and now Chicago are the exceptions.

IN THE DEMOCRATIC primary, the vote was divided along rough racial lines. Blacks, who make up 40 percent of the registered voters, gave more than 80 percent of their votes to Washington. He got less than 10 percent of the white vote. (Hispanics, who constitute about 6 percent of the voters, went largely for Mayor Jane Byrne and State's Attorney Richard Daley.) In last week's election, Washington got upwards of 95 percent of the black vote, and only a fifth of the white vote. But those figures give too simple a picture. Racism, whatever its scope, has been no hindrance to other black candidates. State Comptroller Roland Burris, who only five years ago became the first black elected to statewide office in Illinois, got 86 percent of the Chicago vote in his race last year. Cecil Partee was elected city treasurer in 1979 with 97 percent.

Of course many whites who don't mind voting for a black for the obscure office of city treasurer no doubt bridled at the idea of a black mayor. But there is another group of whites who, though they might not prefer a black mayor, don't think of themselves as racists and wouldn't automatically rule it out. Lacking a persuasive reason not to, they would have supported the Democratic nominee as they usually do. Washington's task in the aftermath of his primary victory was to reassure these whites of his benign intentions. The closeness of the election suggests that for many of them he never did. What is more surprising is that he made so little effort to do so.

One obstacle was his association with Jessie Jackson, *bête noir* of many Chicago whites and source of embarrassment to some blacks. Washington tried to put some distance between himself and Jackson, but in vain. Jackson got Washington's postprimary campaign off on the wrong foot by appearing at his victory party, making speeches and granting television interviews, most of them inflammatory. It was clear all along that he would have some influence over Washington policies. After all, Jackson had planted the first seeds of a serious black candidacy last summer by organizing a boycott of Mayor Byrne's

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Chicago-Fest. Encouraged by its success, he then helped to organize an ambitious black voter registration drive—and an impressive get-out-the-vote effort for last November's election. Jackson also took the lead in persuading Washington to run. So, many whites, not unreasonably, feared Jackson would have some role in a Washington administration. For some, that was reason enough to vote for Epton.

SOME CHICAGO political experts suspected Washington of a political death wish, or at least of ambivalence about the mayor's job. He had to be more or less drafted to run, after months of resistance. Once in the race, he put together an atrociously disorganized staff and frequently failed to show up at scheduled campaign appearances. When reporters asked the names of his chief advisers, Washington refused to give any. But his spirited performances in televised debates with Byrne and State's Attorney Richard Daley helped to galvanize Chicago's blacks into their biggest turnout in history. Unfortunately he reverted to form afterward. He missed more campaign appearances, including some important ones, and did relatively little campaigning in the crucial Lake Front wards. When several Southern Democratic state chairmen came to town to endorse Washington, he was nowhere to be found.

More important, however, was the series of revelations about Washington's finances, which began in the primary campaign and continued off and on until Election Day. First, there was his 1972 conviction for failing to file his federal income tax returns for four years (though the U.S. attorney said he probably hadn't filed for nineteen). That misdemeanor got him a month in the county jail. Then there was the suspension of his law license for taking fees from clients and then failing to perform the expected services in return. Those emerged early in the primary campaign, and his Republican opponent, former state representative Bernard Epton, reminded voters of them at every opportunity. Serious as they were, they were far enough in Washington's past that they wouldn't have caused him irreparable harm. But there was more to come. In addition to several old unpaid campaign bills, which are not unusual for politicians, it turned out that he and two partners failed to pay $1,600 in property taxes on a Chicago rental property. They accumulated $566 in unpaid water bills on the same building. While in the state legislature, he was sued twice for not paying his debts; in one case his salary was garnisheed.

Washington dismissed all these charges as irrelevant, but they stuck nonetheless. The picture of Washington as a flagrant, habitual deadbeat may not have cost him as many white votes as his skin color, but it cost him many of those he could have gotten. The independent voters, whom Washington badly needed, have always been averse to the city government's entrenched corruption, and even those who started out committed to Washington had to be distressed by the revelations. That his lapses were personal, not official, didn't make them much more palatable.

Washington's campaign style didn't help him either. Despite a reputation for verbal precision and eloquence, he usually came off as preachy and combative. Instead of defusing the race issue by ignoring it, Washington missed few chances to accuse his opponents of exploiting it. (Jackson, looking for an excuse to run for President, did likewise.) That approach served a purpose in the primary by galvanizing black voters. Once they had been galvanized, he could have afforded to lower his voice in an effort to cultivate white voters. He never did. Epton's crude slogan, "Before it's too late," plainly was aimed at exploiting white anxiety. But for it to succeed, Epton needed Washington to come across as an avenging crusader rather than a coalition-building pragmatist. Washington obliged. At one point he warned that if his supporters "get the feeling that this campaign is going to turn into a race war, then it might turn bitter, evil, angry." In that case, he said, "some innocent person. . .may wind up dead." And in the last few days, he appeared to be cracking under pressure. At one stop, he called a heckler an "asshole" and told him to "go to hell." When anonymous leaflets claimed Washington had once been arrested for child molesting, he implausibly blamed them on Epton's Washington-based campaign consultant, John Deardourff, whom he called a "scurrilous, low-life, base individual." Later he changed his mind, suggesting that the real source was Mayor Byrne.

WASHINGTON NEGLECTED other obvious ways to broaden his base beyond the black community. He refused to approach influential white aldermen like Roman Pucinski, perhaps the city's leading Polish politician, and made little effort to smooth over his differences with the powerful Cook County Democratic chairman Edward Vrdolyak, a Byrne supporter. Instead he simply insisted that they were obliged to support him as the Democratic nominee—an argument that would have been more convincing had Washington not refused to support Richard Daley when he was nominated for state's attorney in 1980. The result was that several politicians who might have been persuaded to stay neutral, like Pucinski, endorsed Epton instead, and some of those who endorsed him, like Vrdolyak, did nothing more. For many of these, Washington's vow to dismantle the patronage system was considerably more threatening than his race. Besides the black-white division, there was also Chicago's usual conflict between the machine and the independents. Many machine politicians figured a Republican mayor would be easier to manipulate than Washington, who had promised to dismantle their cherished patronage system.

The cliff-hanger last Tuesday, the closest Chicago mayoral election in memory, may in fact have been foreordained. If Chicago's blacks had fielded a shrewder, cleaner candidate—like state comptroller Burris—the true bigots would have voted against him anyway. But the Democratic voters who were neither black nor racist would undoubtedly have stayed with their party. The election would never been in doubt. (Of course a more

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cautious, pragmatic candidate would also have been duller and hence might never have generated the huge black turnout that Washington got in both the primary and the election.) The lesson to be drawn from Chicago is not that the city is unusually racist, or that blacks can't count on the goodwill of the Democratic Party, but that in predominantly white cities, good black candidates will have an easier time than bad ones. They may not be judged by a higher standard than white candidates, but they surely won't be judged by a lower one. White prejudice was one big reason Washington came so close to losing this election—but not the decisive factor. If he hopes to serve more than one term, Chicago's new mayor should keep that in mind.

STEPHEN CHAPMAN

Stephen Chapman is a syndicated columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*.

The Mondale machine in Springfield.

THE FRITZ BLITZ

Springfield, Massachusetts

THE MONDALE MACHINE continues to roll. On practically every political front—from fundraising to opinion poll ratings to endorsements to demonstrations of organizational acumen—former Vice President Walter Mondale remains ahead of his Democratic Presidential rivals, and the gap between him and the pack seems to be widening. One should be careful to note that it is still nine months until the first delegates to the 1984 Democratic National Convention are chosen, but preliminary indicators have political impact, particularly when they are so consistent.

And they are consistently, persistently, pro-Mondale. The latest Gallup poll shows Mondale leading Senator John Glenn among Democratic voters by a margin of 32 percent to 13 percent, with Senator Alan Cranston at 3 percent and all others trailing badly. Mondale's lead in a head-to-head test with Glenn has narrowed slightly since December (from 59-32 to 52-28), but that is the sole exception to the general trend. Cranston and Senator Gary Hart hope to surprise Mondale in Iowa and New Hampshire, but at the moment *The Des Moines Register*'s Iowa Poll shows Mondale with 55 percent support among Democrats, Glenn with 17, and Hart with 7. In New Hampshire, an April 1 poll shows Mondale with 43, Glenn 22, Hart 7, and Cranston 3.5. The Field poll in California shows Mondale leading homestater Cranston by 35 to 31, followed by Glenn at 14 and Hart at 9. Southerners Ernest Hollings and Reubin Askew are showing no support whatever except in the South—where Glenn is also thought to be strong—but even in Tennessee, Mondale is reported to be the overwhelming favorite of party activists participating in Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner straw polls.

The first 1983 financial reports are due to be filed with the Federal Election Commission on April 15, but Robert Shogun of the *Los Angeles Times* has done a preliminary tally showing that Mondale leads in money raised and spent ($2 million raised, $1.4 million spent); followed by Glenn ($1.1 million and $600,000); Askew ($800,000 and $275,000); Cranston ($500,000 and $375,000); Hart ($440,000 and $415,000); and Hollings ($300,000 and $350,000). The big fundraising surprises are Mondale's lead over Glenn and Cranston's failure to live up to his reputation as a master money-cadger.

Endorsements by other politicians don't mean much in politics these days, but Mondale has been getting more than his rivals. He is widely believed to be favored to receive the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement this fall. He is also expected to outflank the anticipated black Presidential candidacy of civil rights leader Jesse Jackson by picking up endorsements from Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young and Coretta Scott King. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley already has all but endorsed Mondale.

MONDALE ALSO TROUNCED his opposition at the Massachusetts State Democratic Convention here during the weekend of April 8 and 9. The conventional press wisdom was that Mondale "did what he had to do" as front-runner by finishing first at the convention's straw poll with 29.3 percent, ahead of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s issue-oriented "Jobs" initiative (which collected 25.6 percent), and ahead of Cranston (who got 16.9 percent), Glenn (15.3 percent), Hart (10.5 percent), Hollings (0.5 percent), and Askew (0.3 percent). In fact, Mondale did much better than the press reporting indicated. At least half and possibly as many as three-fourths of the 884 unionists and teachers who voted "Jobs" actually are Mondale supporters, meaning that his true strength at the Massachusetts Convention topped 40 percent—not bad for Jimmy Carter's Vice President in the home state of Senator Edward M. Kennedy. Kennedy remains neutral in the 1984 race, and so, at least formally, does Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, whose organization dominated the Springfield convention. Dukakis is believed to favor Mondale, but Mondale carried the convention without Dukakis's assistance.

The national press swarming over Springfield rightly noted the remarkable second-place showing of Cranston, and especially his finishing ahead of his targeted rival, Gary Hart. However, too little was made of the poor performance of John Glenn, whose staff had hoped for a showing of around 25 percent and at least second place. It's impossible to be sure how much money each candidate spent—each camp understated its own outlays and magnified its rivals'—but it's clear that Glenn tried to make a

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major effort in Massachusetts, at a probable cost of $25,000. Glenn was the only candidate to pay people to call delegates—the others used volunteers—and Glenn sent out mailgrams (more expensive than letters) to all four thousand, including one to Senator Edward M. Kennedy, care of the State House, Boston, congratulating him on being a delegate and inviting him to call a campaign aide in case he had any questions. It was a trivial mistake, but as one Kennedy aide said, "even in our lowest ebb of disorganization during the 1980 campaign, at least we knew how to clear our mailing lists."

GLENN SUPPORTERS explained their showing by claiming that Massachusetts is, after all, a liberal state—the only one carried by George McGovern in 1972. But that overlooks the fact that in 1976, for example, Senator Henry M. Jackson won the state's primary and George Wallace finished ahead of Jimmy Carter. Glenn was not without political assets in the state, either. His national campaign treasurer is Bostonian Robert Farmer, who was Dukakis's 1982 finance chairman and was to be Kennedy's chief 1984 fundraiser, and Glenn had the endorsement of State Senate President William Bulger. Glenn also had the longest line of autograph-seekers outside his trailer, but that did not translate into votes on the floor. Glenn carried only two regions of the state—Bulger's South Boston district and the Berkshires, where former Democratic Party national treasurer Evan Dobelle is a power. Glenn backers still think they can score well in the Massachusetts primary next year, tapping the conservative vein they say was not represented at the state convention. But there is no mistaking the fact that Glenn suffered a defeat in Massachusetts this year, and that helps Mondale.

Hart made the opposite strategic error from Glenn's. He decided that the state convention was not important, budgeted (according to his staff) only about $7,000, spent only three days personally wooing delegates, and had just one paid staff member in the state. By contrast, Cranston made an all-out effort specifically designed to put him ahead of Hart, whom he deems his nearest rival for liberal support. Cranston spent seven days in Massachusetts, personally meeting nearly 1,000 delegates, and spent between $20,000 and $25,000 on phone calls and mailings. As Cranston campaign manager Sergio Bendixen said beforehand, "There are two races here—one to see if Mondale is really front-runner and the other between Cranston and Hart. In 1983 we want to emerge as the clear alternative to Mondale on the progressive side. Now that Dale Bumpers is out, Hart is our number one competitor. We think straw ballots, money raised, and endorsements are going to narrow the field down to three serious contenders by Iowa. Hollings and Askew have no national base. This is a four-way race through this year, but by late '83 or early '84, one of the four is going to shake out."

If there really is a Cranston-Hart sub-race going on, Hart was widely thought to have an advantage in organizational strength and fresh ideas, while Cranston had it in money-raising and single-issue enthusiasm for the nuclear freeze. However, in Massachusetts Hart showed no significant organizational strength, carrying only the Worcester area with the support of local party leader Gerald D'Amico. Even though Hart was McGovern's 1972 national campaign manager—and led off his speech with a declaration that he, McGovern, and Massachusetts were "right from the start" in opposing Richard Nixon and the war in Vietnam—Cranston clobbered Hart in upscale antiwar areas of the state such as Waltham, Weston, Milton, Newton, and Brookline (Mondale, though, beat Cranston among delegates from many of those areas, plus Cambridge, Roxbury, Back Bay, and Wellesley).

Hart supporters say they are quietly recruiting a cadre of workers in key primary states rather than spending resources on early public victories. That may be a sound strategy, but meanwhile Cranston is making inroads among liberal activists by delivering a simple message: "I am concentrating in my campaign and I will concentrate in the White House on two overriding purposes: ending the arms race and achieving full employment." Actually, Cranston has no plan at present for abolishing unemployment, but promises that "within one week after election I will formally appoint a full employment council. I will instruct the council to formalize a final plan for full employment. I will submit a full employment program to Congress and the country within sixty days. I will then use all the immense powers of the Presidency to build a national coalition to support that plan."

CRANSTON HAS ONLY a slightly more substantive proposal to make on nuclear weapons. "No President," he told the convention, "has ever given absolute priority to the task of negotiating with the Soviet Union to end this dangerous folly. I will. I will do what Jimmy Carter did at Camp David. He brought Sadat and Begin together and . . . after twelve days they forged a peace that now endures between Egypt and Israel. We've never made that sort of approach to the Soviet Union." Cranston's text contained—but he left out of it as delivered—the observation that "it won't be easy to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union. They are hostile to our concept of freedom—willing to forcibly repress the people of other countries as they repress their own. Years of failure, suspicion, mistrust lie behind us. . . . But peace is in their interest, as in ours."

By comparison, Gary Hart has made a conscientious effort to address national problems in all their complexity. He has just published a book, *A New Democracy*, describing the education, economic, industrial, trade, and defense policies needed to cope with late twentieth-century realities. However, instead of showing off any new ideas to the Massachusetts convention, he told the gathering: "This event is called a cattle show. Being from the West, I understand the point all too well. We come here to be shown off, get auctioned, and then led out to get slaughtered. Like most cattle shows, the cattle all seem to look alike and make about the same noises. We're all against Ronald Reagan. . . ." He then tried to distinguish himself by at-

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tacking Reagan with special harshness and irony, but his attempt was lost in the hubbub of the convention hall.

The one sense in which Mondale did no more than what he had to do was his speech—a standard stump attack on Reagan (which was nevertheless good enough to be judged the best of the lot), plus promises to "be the best pro-education President in the history of the United States," and to "meet with the leaders of the Soviet Union and seek to negotiate a balanced mutual nuclear freeze." But in every other sense, Mondale went all-out. He spent at least $25,000—the Glenn people say $80,000—and devoted parts of five days to attending nine separate question-and-answer sessions attended by nearly three-quarters of the convention delegates. In the beginning of March, Mondale assigned one of his top campaign aides, former Kennedy organizer Paul Tully, to work Massachusetts full time, and in the last week before the convention, he was joined by deputy campaign manager Angie Martin, another ex-Kennedyite, and several other top staff members.

The Mondale staff started out scared in Massachusetts because at a Democratic dinner in Boston on March 2 the candidate had missed a joint photo session with other Presidential contenders, offending party leaders who then scheduled him to speak amid the clatter of dishes so that he could not be heard. Mondale left the dinner early to catch a plane, and took a battering of criticism from *The Boston Globe* for alleged arrogance. Weeks later the state A.F.L.-C.I.O. presented Mondale with another complication by deciding to run "Jobs" in the Presidential straw poll, both to dramatize the unemployment issue and to preserve the formal neutrality of union delegates in the nonsecret voting. Mondale planned to fight openly for union delegates until national A.F.L.-C.I.O. president Lane Kirkland supported the "Jobs" effort in order to maintain neutrality until the A.F.L.-C.I.O. formally endorses a candidate. Mondale wants that endorsement and is not about to buck Kirkland, so he dropped the full press for union delegates, but quietly wooed those he could. The unions were ecstatic with the second-place finish for "Jobs"—and probably also with Mondale's victory.

The basic Mondale nomination strategy is to leave nothing to chance and to win, if possible, on every field. As chief campaign strategist Jim Johnson puts it, "You never know which of these events is going to be the first real test of the 1984 campaign. In 1979 it was the Florida caucuses (won by Carter) and in 1975, the Jefferson-Jackson dinner in Iowa (won by Carter). You only know after it happens. Suddenly somebody is a real winner and others are real losers, in terms of press attention, money, and political support. We prepare for them all." So far, Mondale is winning them all.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Free speech, free markets, and free rides at the F.C.C.

FOWLER'S VIDEO GAMES

BY MARC GRANETZ

VHF. UHF. CATV. SMATV. LPTV. HDTV. STV. PPV. VCR. DBS. MDS. LV. Welcome to the new communications "environment." It's a world in which the old distinctions among the media are increasingly blurred. Advances in the technology of print, telephony, computers, and broadcasting are spawning new and overlapping uses of the electromagnetic spectrum and of telephone and cable lines.

As technological distinctions blur, so do legal ones. Three bodies of law have grown up around our three traditional categories of communications technology: for print media, a British-inherited tradition of almost no regulation; for telephone, telegraph, and postal services, the status of "common carrier," which permits monopoly but is supposed to guarantee nondiscriminatory access; and for broadcasting, an intricate regulatory scheme that combines elements of private freedoms and public obligations. The new technologies have put strains on all three, especially on the last. We need revised and comprehensive communications regulations, especially for broadcasting—on that nearly everybody agrees.

We're not getting that, however, from the Reagan Administration. What we're getting instead is a shortsighted and dangerous demolition of the old regulatory structure. Broadcasting regulations, which impinge upon First Amendment rights and foster an economically inefficient and oligopolistic industry, have always been justifiably unpopular. But Mark Fowler, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, is using the new thicket of technological initials as a screen for the elimination, once and for all, of the entire broadcast regulatory scheme. Fowler wants "no renewal filings, no ascertainment exer-

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cises, no content regulation, no ownership restrictions other than those that apply to the media generally, free resale of properties, no petitions to deny, no Brownie points for doing this right, no fingerwagging for doing that wrong." Also: no equal time rules, no Fairness Doctrine, no minority access, no public service obligations, no prevention of even more severe concentration of media ownership. Most of Fowler's argument isn't new, but the occasion is: he claims that the advent of all of the new technologies reduces broadcasting to just another video delivery system among many, and thereby eliminates the justification for its special, problematic, regulation.

Is Fowler right in claiming that broadcast regulation is no longer justifiable? Only if the two basic premises that underlie it—"scarcity" and "impact"—are no longer valid. "Scarcity" is a physical limitation of the medium: there are a finite number of channels on the broadcast spectrum. "Impact," a somewhat fuzzier concept that has evolved along with network television, refers to the power and pervasiveness of broadcasting relative to other media.

THE NOTION of "scarcity" has been around as long as broadcasting itself. Radio broadcasting, begun as an extension of naval point-to-point communication, was at first thought of as a quasi-official medium. (So, in its early days, was television.) "It is inconceivable," said Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover in 1927, "that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising chatter." The Radio Acts of 1912 and 1927, and the Communications Act of 1934, which established the F.C.C., were enacted to bring order to airwave chaos and to give the public a new, cohesive news and information medium. The broadcast spectrum was considered a scarce and strategically important natural resource, and portions of it not reserved for government use were allocated to broadcasters who promised to serve the "public convenience, interest or necessity." Allocations were made in the form of licenses that had to be renewed frequently and were hard to transfer, and broadcasters had to meet numerous technical and programming standards to keep them. The notion of broadcasters as "public" trustees who must operate in the "public" interest has never substantially changed.

The courts have upheld the rationale of "scarcity" for years. In 1941, in a famous case involving NBC, Justice Felix Frankfurter declared: "Unlike other modes of expression, radio inherently is not available to all. That is its unique characteristic, and that is why, unlike other modes of expression, it is subject to governmental regulation. Because it cannot be used by all, some who wish to use it must be denied."

Is that rationale invalidated by the new technologies? The answer, for the most part, is no—even though there are now a lot of new ways to use your television set. Home recording equipment—video cassette recorders (VCR), optical and laser discs (LV)—are mainly for viewing rented or purchased prerecorded movies and nonnews entertainment, and they can be found in only about 4 percent of American households. Satellite systems—direct broadcast satellite (DBS) and satellite master antenna television (SMATV)—have penetrated even fewer households, and the expense of the equipment involved will probably keep it that way. As a video delivery system, cable television—also known as community antenna television (CATV)—is the most viable alternative to broadcasting. More than half of all households can now theoretically receive cable service. But only 34 percent of the half that can actually do subscribe, and many of them will not continue to. Many communities will never be wired for cable because no company could do it profitably. Moreover, although new coaxial cables can carry up to 108 channels, the vast majority of existing cables have a capacity for only six to twelve channels, and two of the best financed cable program production ventures (CBS Cable and The Entertainment Channel) have already folded. For most people, cable is just a way to watch the networks—rabbit ears without the ghosts. Cable may someday become the bountiful national system of video programming, teleshopping, and home security services many have promised, but that time is many years off.

In broadcasting itself there are also some new technologies. Operating in the Super-High Frequency range (SHF), up above Channel 84, is something called "multipoint distribution service," which sends out programming via microwaves. But MDS requires a special antenna, making it a more appropriate medium for hotels, hospitals, nursing homes, and apartment complexes. Accordingly, only 1 percent of all households now receive MDS. There are subscription television (STV) and pay-per-view (PPV), which broadcast movies and sports events via encoded signals (you rent the decoding device from the company). There is low-power television (LPTV), which would make use of the 4,000 or so existing relay stations to broadcast locally originated programs on unused channels (such as Channel 6 in New York or Washington). In other words, LPTV would let more broadcasters use the existing frequencies. But LPTV licenses are being processed extremely slowly. Right now LPTV doesn't reach even one-half of 1 percent of American households.

IN SHORT, spectrum scarcity is somewhat eased by new technologies, but not yet by much. The age of communications abundance is still mostly a myth of abundance, particularly when it comes to news, public affairs, locally originated programming, and nationwide audiences. Network domination of such things is the basis of the idea that television has a special kind of "impact" (the term was coined by Judge David Bazelon), and therefore should be subjected to special regulations. There are four main categories of such regulations. Two of them—the equal-time rules for political candidates, and the "Fairness Doctrine," which requires balanced coverage of controversial issues—had their seeds in the 1934 Communications Act. The other two—personal attack and political editorial rules, which enable a person or group that is going to be the object of some broadcast attack to be forewarned and

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allowed to respond, and restrictions on "provocative" (obscene, offensive, or unsuitable for children) programming—came later, after the rise of the television networks. The channels we have now are mostly the result of the F.C.C.'s 1952 channel allocation scheme, and it was that scheme, in concert with the economic forces of mass-media advertising, that gave rise to three monopolistic television networks. In further attempts to mitigate network power, the F.C.C. promulgated the prime-time access rule, financial interest and syndication restrictions, option-time rules, advertisement-time limitations, and numerous ownership restrictions.

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT has supported the impact rationale in landmark decisions handed down as recently as 1969 and 1978. In *Red Lion Broadcasting Co.* v.*F.C.C.*, Justice Byron White declared: "It is the right of viewers and listeners, not the right of broadcasters, which is paramount." In *F.C.C.* v. *Pacifica Foundation*, the Court upheld the F.C.C.'s censorship of a George Carlin routine ("Filthy Words") on afternoon radio by stating that broadcasters "have established a uniquely pervasive presence in the lives of all Americans" and that broadcasting is "uniquely accessible to children." Since 1960 the appellate courts, particularly the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit, have assumed a more active role in defining the F.C.C.'s statutory power and in protecting the rights of viewers and listeners.

Fowler claims that the new communications technologies undermine the impact rationale: that broadcasting is less "uniquely" accessible to children, now that most cable systems have public access channels over which some nude and lewd programming is transmitted; that the mushrooming of news and information sources reduces the power of broadcast and network news; that the abrogation of broadcasters' First Amendment rights becomes increasingly unfair as video delivery systems proliferate.

But the nature of the broadcast media and the power of the TV networks have not substantially changed. Television broadcasting comes into 98 percent of all American homes free of charge; all of the other technologies require expenditures for additional equipment (some very expensive) and monthly or per-program service charges. The medium's role in our politics has not noticeably diminished in recent years, and we have the President to prove it. The networks' market share has indeed declined, and it is expected to decline further, but the networks still get the vast majority of viewers. Even in areas served by cable, the networks still get about 70 percent of the audience. Cable, low-power, new UHF, and satellite systems are likely never to be as interconnected as TV networks, and therefore never likely to have audiences as large.

The two basic premises upon which broadcast regulation is based are still mostly intact. So Fowler's push to abandon regulation altogether is unjustified. This is not to say, however, that the F.C.C.'s regulation of broadcasting has been good, or that broadcast regulation in general doesn't need to be completely revised in the coming years.

In the first place, the technology has changed too much in the past fifty years for the language of the 1934 Communications Act to be an adequate basis for intelligent regulation today. In the second place, even though the Act specifically forbids the F.C.C. from acting as a censor, current license-renewal procedures and content rules allow the F.C.C. to act just that way. In the third place, much F.C.C. regulation, however well intentioned, has proved to be a bureaucratic circus. The license-renewal process, mostly a boon for D.C. communications lawyers, is often inane (see "Gifts of the Nation," by Michael Kinsley, TNR, October 14, 1981). Broadcasters are required to maintain standards that are so vague the courts have termed them unintelligible. Licenses in which companies may have invested years and millions of dollars can be challenged or revoked for flimsy or odious reasons. The F.C.C. has discouraged much controversial programming. Public affairs and community-minded programming is usually broadcast at times when most of the community isn't watching. Equal-time requirements discourage controversial political programming. The "7-7-7" rule, which prohibits any company or individual from owning more than seven AM, seven FM, and seven TV stations (no more than five of which may be VHF), doesn't take into account such matters as station or market prominence, and the number seven is quite arbitrary.

BUT THE SORT OF REFORM bruited about by Fowler is cause for concern. It isn't better regulation, it's massive deregulation of a kind that simply gives even greater rewards to the financial interests that control the medium. The new rules are coming out of the F.C.C. fast and furiously, which can do a good deal on its own, without legislation. Antitrafficking rules (promulgated in 1962 to inhibit speculation in broadcast properties, on the theory that frequent turnover would worsen service) have been eased; now an owner can resell after one year instead of three. License-renewal terms for TV broadcasters have been increased from three years to five, and the F.C.C. is pressing for the end of renewal proceedings altogether. Broadcasters can now own more than one FM or AM station in the same market.

Fowler's advocacy of a regulatory shift from the "broadcast model" to the "print model" is part of his advocacy of a much larger regulatory shift from the traditional public-interest "trusteeship" approach to a "marketplace" approach. He is trying to "free" the networks and other entrenched broadcast interests from the clutches of regulation so that they can "compete" in his idealized marketplace. He wants to repeal financial interest and syndication restrictions that have kept network fingers out of at least one pie, that of program syndication. The result of that "reform" would be to concentrate even more programming power in the networks' hands and to drive independent producers out of business. Fowler hopes to undermine the "7-7-7" rule by redefining "ownership" to mean a holding of 5 to 20 percent, not the current 1 percent, of a media company's stock; he is pressing for the

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elimination of the ban on TV network ownership of cable systems; and he would like to relax regional media-ownership concentration rules, too.

The problem with this brand of deregulation is obvious. It's ideological, and it makes no distinction between regulations that are needlessly burdensome and burdensome regulations that are needed. New technologies may give us more outlets, but less regulation will give us fewer owners of those outlets. The rich and the powerful will get richer and more powerful. As F.C.C. commissioner Henry Rivera points out, marketplace-only regulation is "really no regulation at all, and that will lead to concentration of ownership, which will intensify existing monopolies." Letting the marketplace do the F.C.C.'s work is like having the referee go home so that the strongest contender can dictate the rules of the fight. Our political system, based on 65,000 local government organizations, is weakened by having fewer, and concentrated, voices. Our culture requires as many voices as possible, too, and so does our economy. (More than a third of all American households have annual incomes of less than $15,000. The marketplace, particularly the advertiser-supported media, cares little for them.)

In the long run, we need a considered and comprehensive regulatory policy that covers not just broadcasters but all communications media. It will probably come from Congress, where a Broadcast Deregulatory Act now sits and where Representative Tim Wirth of Colorado is working to find better solutions than Fowler has, and it will most likely be an amalgamation of the existing print, common carrier, and broadcasting regulations. One of the ideas Wirth is considering would turn the market model around so that its beneficiaries would include the public. Instead of allocating broadcast channels, the F.C.C. would auction them off at regular intervals to the highest bidder. The proceeds, which would be very large, could finance public television, among other things. In principle, this is consistent with Fowler's idea of charging broadcasters "spectrum fees" for using the airwaves; the difference is that Fowler's fee would be nominal. But any kind of fee is anathema to the broadcasters, who prefer to get the airwaves for free, and Fowler has turned his attention elsewhere.

The most important issue in the regulatory battles over integrated uses of airwaves, wires, and cables is the issue of First Amendment rights. But we are better off trusting Congress and the courts, not companies with heavy investments and Fowler's F.C.C., to guard those rights. The current brouhaha over broadcasters' First Amendment rights isn't any more convincing than it was before—just louder, because the print media have joined in. Why their sudden empathy with the broadcasters? Because hybrid forms of communication (in particular, teletext and videotext) raise the specter of hybrid forms of regulation, and the print media are worried that some content rules might be applied to information they originate but transmit by wire or airwaves. Dan Rather, Bill Monroe, and other media stars are attending field hearings called by Senator Bob Packwood, who's hoping to rouse support for a 27th Amendment to the Constitution that would "ensure that the electronic media have full rights of freedom of expression . . . and ensure that as print media increasingly rely on electronic delivery, they remain free from government regulation." As usual, the First Amendment flag is being waved less for constitutional than for financial reasons.

THE BROADCASTERS are not shy about adapting phrases like "freedom of the press" and "freedom of speech" to their own not-very-exalted purposes. From the noise they make about freedom of the press, you would think that the networks and their affilates are aching to speak out on controversial issues, and that the only thing holding them back is government censorship. In fact, of course, network timidity has other sources. Commercial television is more an advertising than a press medium, since advertisers, not viewers, are the paying customers. (A TV station is more like a giveaway "shopper" than a real newspaper.) The "freedom" broadcasters crave is mostly the freedom to increase profits. As for freedom of speech, the point of the phrase is not that certain voices should be amplified and other voices silenced; it is that anyone who wants to speak should be heard, that free speech protects the quality of public discourse. In other words, "free speech" protects not only speakers but listeners. And listeners require many voices, not just a few very loud ones. But the marketplace couldn't care less about the need for diversity. In print, on our airwaves, and across all of our miles of wire and cable, the health of our country depends upon a multiplicity of voices. In communications, the unregulated marketplace—Fowler's, and this Administration's, Camelot—promises and promotes no such thing.

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I read the news today oh boy.

JOHN LENNON VERSUS THE F.B.I.

BY JON WIENER

IS ROCK 'N' ROLL revolutionary? The question sounds foolish at a time when Ronald Reagan is instructing James Watt on the true meaning of the Beach Boys. But rock and politics added up to a burning issue in 1971 and 1972, and the connection was taken as seriously by Richard Nixon's White House as it was by the counterculture—maybe more so. And the rock star most feared by the Nixon gang was the singer-songwriter who had first won fame as the "clever Beatle," John Lennon. As a result, Lennon became the only rock 'n' roller the government ever tried to deport because of the political power of his music. This strange story appears in the twenty-six pounds of F.B.I. and Immigration files recently released to me under the Freedom of Information Act.

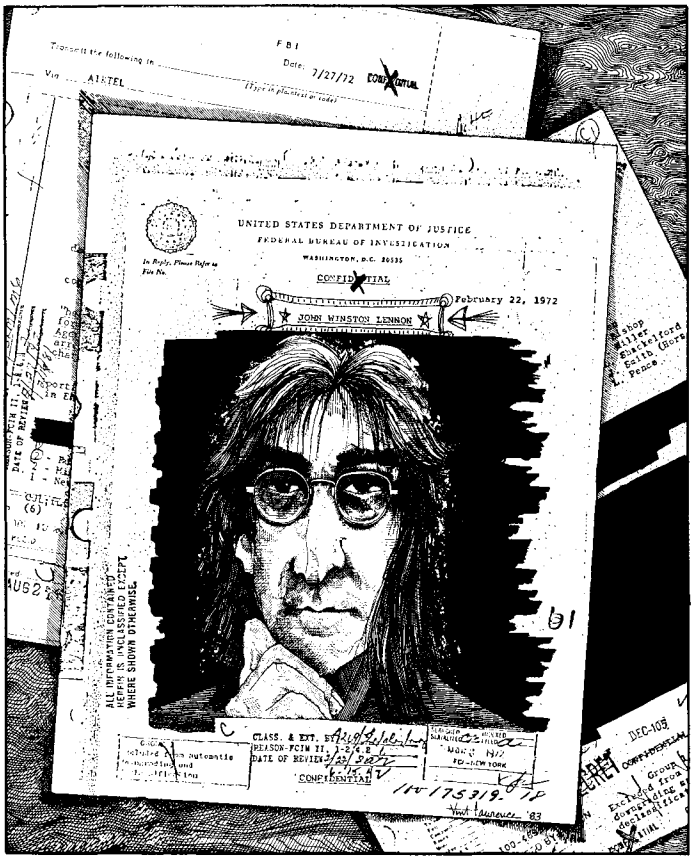

ILLUSTRATION BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Nixon Administration learned in February 1972 that Lennon was thinking about mounting a concert tour that would combine rock music with radical politics. Lennon's friend, Jerry Rubin, hoped to end the tour with a "political Woodstock" outside the Republican National Convention, where Nixon was to be renominated. This information came to the White House from a rather improbable source on concert bookings, Senator Strom Thurmond, who had written to Attorney General John Mitchell about Lennon's plans. Thurmond sent a secret memorandum, drafted by the staff of his Subcommittee on Internal Security, to both Mitchell and the White House. The memo noted that "radical New Left leaders" who were "strong advocates of the program to 'dump Nixon' " were planning "to hold rock concerts in various primary election states for the following purposes: to obtain access to college campuses; to encourage 18-year-olds to register; to press for legislation legalizing marijuana; to finance their activities; and to recruit persons to come to San Diego during the Republican National Convention in August 1972. . . . [Rennie] Davis and his cohorts intend to use John Lennon as a drawing card to promote their success. . . . If Lennon's visa is terminated it would be a strategic counter-measure."

This was precisely the sort of thing that had been contemplated by John Dean, the counsel to the President, in his famous August 1971 memo: "We can use the available political machinery to screw our political enemies." Mitchell passed Thurmond's suggestion along to the Immigration and Naturalization Service; the next month, the I.N.S., relying on Lennon's 1968 British misdemeanor conviction for marijuana possession, ordered him deported.

Lennon's main file in the F.B.I.'s Central Records System in Washington, D.C., is a "100 case file." "100" is the classification number for "domestic security" investigations. Lennon's main file has 288 pages; the Reagan Justice Department has refused to release 199 of them, largely under the claim that they have been "properly classified in the interests of national defense or foreign policy." (Could this have something to do with the Lennon-McCartney song "Back in the U.S.S.R."?) The pages that have been

Jon Wiener, who teaches history at the University of California at Irvine, is writing a book on John Lennon during the '60s.

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released are riddled with deletions on the same grounds. In some cases "released" pages have been completely blacked out except for the headings.

Many of the documents in Lennon's F.B.I. file are coded teletypes, a form reserved for sensitive messages because they require complicated encrypting and decrypting. Others are "LHMs," Letterhead Memos, prepared for dissemination to other government agencies, reporting on Lennon's activities and plans. In Lennon's case confidential LHMs were distributed to the 108th Military Intelligence Group in New York, the Secret Service, Naval Intelligence, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the State Department, the U.S. Attorney for New York, and the C.I.A. Many of the reports are addressed to, or sent by, J. Edgar Hoover, who is never mentioned by name but only by the awesome title: "Director." (Hoover died in May 1972, and L. Patrick Gray became Acting Director.)

The F.B.I. documents are written in a bizarre language: "From SAC, New York, to DIRECTOR, FBI: ReBuairtel 1/26/72, captioned Project 'Yes' IS-NL, OO:NY, enclosed for the Bureau are 10 copies of an LHM captioned as above. Copies are being designated for those offices having PCPJ in their Divisions." Fortunately, the Fund for Open Information and Accountability has published a phrase book to help readers translate such documents: *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been in the FBI Files?*, by Ann Mari Buitrago and Leon Immerman (Grove Press, 1981). "SAC" is the Special Agent in Charge of the field office; "ReBuairtel" refers to an internal Bureau communication sent by air mail. Project "Yes" was Yoko Ono's "Youth Election Strategy," the media arm of the planned 1972 tour. The F.B.I. classified "Yes" under "Internal Security—New Left," and the originating office ("OO") was New York. PCPJ was the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, an umbrella organization coordinating plans for demonstrations at the Republican National Convention. When the F.B.I. described Lennon in file captions, they didn't list him as "ex-Beatle" but rather as "SM-REVACT," Hooverspeak for "Security Matter-Revolutionary Activities."

The F.B.I. maintained files on Lennon not only at F.B.I. HQ in the SOG ("Seat of Government"), but also in F.B.I. field offices, especially in New York, the "OO" that had primary responsibility for the Lennon investigation. The OO file contains the most valuable documents, including virtually all such original materials as surveillance logs, interviews with informers, agents' memos on following leads, and details about how information is received and how agents are to proceed with an investigation. That file is also riddled with deletions.

The F.B.I. has a conspiratorial conception of its enemies; it maintains massive files not just on individuals, but especially on organizations. Several hundred additional F.B.I. Lennon pages are located in a file on a paper organization that existed for no more than a month or two: the "Election Year Strategy Information Committee," which apparently consisted of Rennie Davis at a desk in the basement of the Lennon-Ono apartment in Greenwich Village, working to set up Lennon's prospective concert tour.

The bulk of the Lennon files, however, came not from the F.B.I. but from the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The record of the deportation proceedings takes up thousands of pages, in which Lennon's brilliant lawyer Leon Wildes ran circles around the I.N.S.'s struggling chief trial attorney, Vincent Schiano. The administrative memos by various Immigration Service officials, who were trying to figure out how to get Lennon deported before the Republican National Convention, take up hundreds of pages. The correspondence file grew to several thousand pages, as Senators, celebrities, and Beatle fans requested information and took stands. Letters from Bob Dylan, (who wrote, "[they] put an end to this mild dull taste of petty commercialism that is being passed off as artist art by the overpowering mass media. Hurray for John and Yoko!") and John Updike (who wrote, "They cannot do this great country any harm, and might do it some good") are filed next to letters from adolescents in Ohio protesting Lennon's "exportation" and "deportment."

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION'S effort to deport Lennon made headlines during the wild political spring of 1972. In May Nixon ordered the mining of Haiphong Harbor and massive new bombing raids, setting off a week of unprecedented antiwar mobilizations and civil disobedience, more frenzied and despairing than ever before. John and Yoko spoke at a midtown Manhattan antiwar rally, then headed off to their first immigration hearing. Nixon wanted them deported, Lennon told reporters in his Liverpool accent, "because we're peaceniks." The Mayor of New York, John Lindsay, and *The New York Times* expressed their support for Lennon and Ono. Beatle fans across the nation joined a letter-writing campaign around the theme, "Let them stay in the U.S.A." Although the Immigration Service was falling all over itself in its haste to deport the Lennons, it maintained publicly that the case was perfectly routine. The falsity of that claim did not become clear until three years later, when the Thurmond memo to Mitchell was unearthed, well after Nixon himself had been deported from Washington. The Thurmond memo helped convince a federal judge to overrule the Immigration authorities and grant Lennon permanent residency in 1975. The rest of the story, told in the F.B.I. files, has not been known until now.

The deportation case had its roots in a concert-rally John and Yoko gave in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in December 1971—a benefit for a local activist named John Sinclair, who had served two years of a ten-year sentence for selling two joints of marijuana to an undercover cop. Lennon and his movement friends regarded the Sinclair concert as a trial run for their proposed national tour. They wanted to see how a typical rock audience would respond to a rally that combined music with radical politics. The F.B.I. was interested in precisely the same question. Its undercover agents were salted among the fifteen thousand excited Midwestern college kids who came to Crisler Arena to see John and Yoko and their friends.

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The concert-rally began with Allen Ginsberg, who led the crowd in chanting "Om-m-m-m-m." Phil Ochs sang a song about Nixon. A local band played Elvis Presley's "Jailhouse Rock" for the man behind bars, and a version of Chuck Berry's "Nadine," with new words about Bernadine Dohrn, a member of the Weather Underground: "Ber-nadine, sister is that you? / Your picture's in the post office / But the people are protecting you."

Jerry Rubin gave a speech explaining the rally's trial balloon purpose. "A lot of events like this one will take place up and down the country between now and San Diego," he said, and called for "a million of you to turn up at the Republican National Convention to humiliate and defeat Richard Nixon." Dave Dellinger talked about "a people's convention at San Diego next summer." Rennie Davis talked about Vietnam. Bobby Seale called on the audience to "start attacking the monster of capitalism." Stevie Wonder, a surprise guest, sang and played "For Once in My Life," and delivered a brief speech attacking Nixon and Agnew.

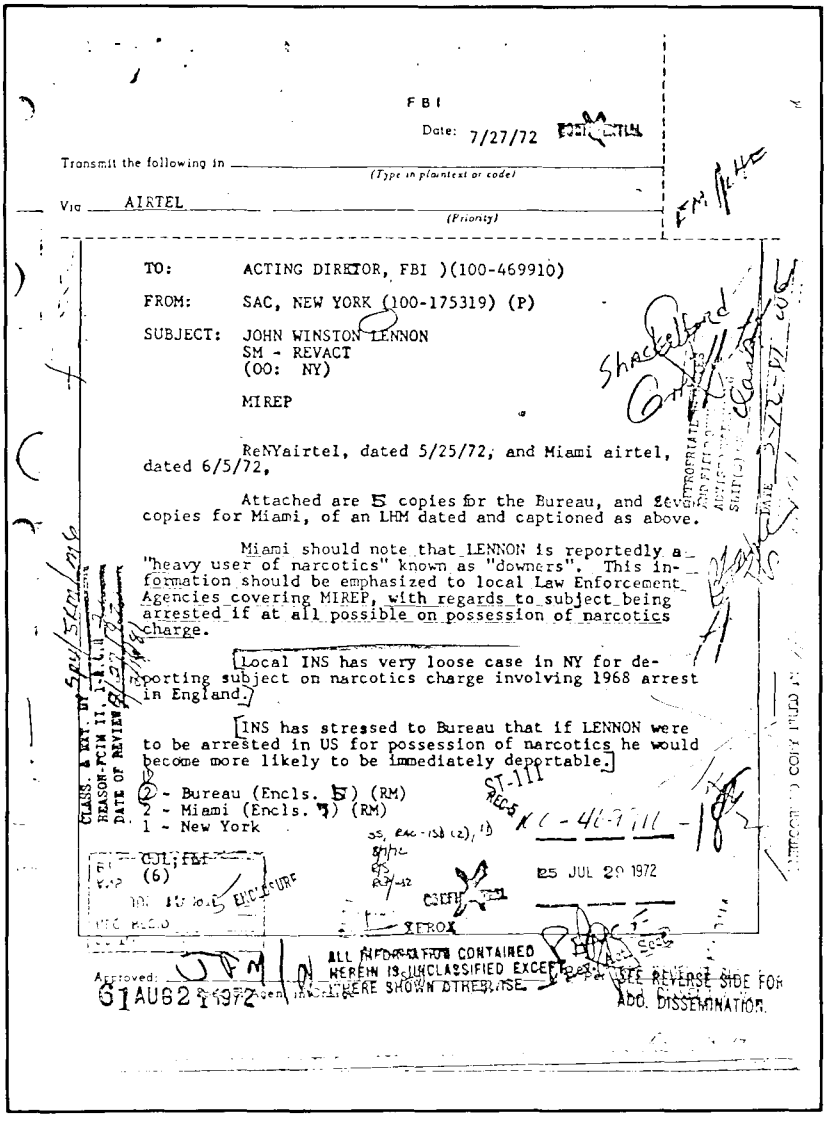
At 3 a.m., seven hours after the concert-rally began, John Lennon appeared. Despite the lateness of the hour, no one had left. For this was a major event: Lennon's first concert appearance in the United States since the Beatles waved goodby at San Francisco's Candlestick Park five years earlier. "We came here to show and to say to all of you that apathy isn't it, that we *can* do something. Okay, so flower power didn't work. So what. We start again." Fifteen thousand people cheered. Then he sang the new song he had written for the occasion: "John Sinclair."

The undercover F.B.I. men in the audience took it all down, scribbling even more furiously than the reporters from *Rolling Stone*, *The Village Voice*, and the *East Village Other*—and sent a 26-page report to the Director, "five (5) copies of a LHM setting forth information regarding captioned rally." The F.B.I. at first refused to release the full report in response to my Freedom of Information Act request, citing their authority to withhold "investigatory records compiled for law enforcement purposes, the release of which would constitute an unwarranted invasion of the personal privacy of third parties." The Assistant Attorney General for Legal Policy eventually ruled in favor of my appeal and sent the withheld portion.

The section began with a complete set of the lyrics to "John Sinclair," which the F.B.I. had classified "Confidential," even though they were in due course printed on the sleeve of Lennon's next album, *Some Time In New York City*. It wasn't great poetry (sample: "It ain't fair, John Sinclair / In the stir for breathing air. . .Was he jailed for what he done / Or representing everyone?"), but it was no secret, either. Copies were forwarded to the F.B.I. field offices in Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and Washington, D.C. Perhaps this was the F.B.I.'s understanding of the itinerary Lennon and Rubin had planned for the tour.

Meanwhile, back in Ann Arbor, the concert had an aftermath no one had anticipated: fifty-five hours after John and Yoko left the stage, John Sinclair was set free. A board of appellate judges released him on bond. Jerry Rubin was ecstatic, calling the release "an incredible tribute to the power of the people. . . . We won!" He called for "two, three, four, many more Ann Arbors!" No wonder the F.B.I. was treating the lyrics to Lennon's song with such superstitious respect.

Lennon's F.B.I. file for January and February 1972, the months preceding the deportation order, is bulging with reports on the "Election Year Strategy Information Committee," Rennie Davis's effort to set up the concert tour. Stew Albert's name appears repeatedly in the EYSIC files.



FBI

Date: 7/27/72

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL (Priority)

TO: ACTING DIRECTOR, FBI)(100-469910)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-175319) (P)

SUBJECT: JOHN WINSTON LENNON
SM - REVACT
(OO: NY)

MIREP

ReNYairtel, dated 5/25/72, and Miami airtel, dated 6/5/72.

Attached are 5 copies for the Bureau, and 5 copies for Miami, of an LHM dated and captioned as above.

Miami should note that LENNON is reportedly a "heavy user of narcotics" known as "downers". This information should be emphasized to local Law Enforcement Agencies covering MIREP, with regards to subject being arrested if at all possible on possession of narcotics charge.

Local INS has very loose case in NY for deporting subject on narcotics charge involving 1968 arrest in England.

INS has stressed to Bureau that if LENNON were to be arrested in US for possession of narcotics he would become more likely to be immediately deportable.

2 - Bureau (Encls. 5) (RM)
2 - Miami (Encls. 3) (RM)
1 - New York

CLASS. & EXT. BY SP5 [illegible]
REASON-FCIM II, 1-1.1.1.1
DATE OF REVIEW 8/17/81

ENCLOSURE

XEROX

25 JUL 29 1972

Approved: _____

61 AUG 2 1972

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Every document mentioning him explains that "Albert was arrested on April 12, 1966, at Berkeley, California," at a demonstration sponsored by the Progressive Labor Party. The next paragraph invariably explains that P.L.P. "was founded in 1962 by individuals expelled from the Communist Party, USA, for following the Chinese Communist line." Both those statements are true, but the implication that Albert was a member or sympathizer of the P.L.P. is not. In fact Albert was known to the press as Jerry Rubin's "Yippie lieutenant," a bitter antagonist of the humorless P.L.P.ers. When I asked him about his 1966 Berkeley arrest, he dismissed it as "a youthful indiscretion."

The first mention of EYSIC in the F.B.I. files is dated January 28, 1972: "The public will soon become aware of its existance [sic] and purpose—anti-Calrep activities" (i.e., demonstrations outside the California Republican convention). Several hundred pages later, a confidential LHM explains that "the organization ceased to exist approximately the first of March, 1972," one month after its founding. The I.N.S. ordered Lennon deported on March 6; thus EYSIC's dissolution did not come in response to the deportation order. Nor did the deportation order change Lennon's plans, as J. Edgar Hoover himself noted in a memo dated April 10: "Subject continues to plan activities directed towards RNC and will soon initiate series of 'rock concerts' to develop financial support." (The F.B.I.'s use of "quotes" was always curious.)

GIVEN LENNON'S REFUSAL to change his plans, Hoover ordered his New York office to "promptly initiate discreet efforts to locate subject." The problem was that the F.B.I. files showed his "temporary residence" to be the "St. Regis Hotel, 150 Bank Street, New York City." Bank Street is in Greenwich Village; every New York cop and cab driver knows the St. Regis is in midtown, at Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. In fact, the agents who couldn't find any big hotels on Bank Street were quite close to their quarry. At the time, the Lennons were living in a two-bedroom apartment at 105 Bank Street, having checked out of the St. Regis several months earlier.

The F.B.I. worried about everything. In a coded teletype headed "urgent," the Special Agent in Charge of the New York F.B.I. informed J. Edgar Hoover, "a source who is in a position to furnish reliable information advised that subject has been offered a teaching position with New York University during the summer . . . officials presume that subject will accept." Like the Bank Street St. Regis, this scrap of intelligence never quite panned out.

None of the documents that have been released was sent to or from Richard Nixon himself. But Nixon's chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, was kept informed about the progress of the F.B.I.'s campaign to "neutralize" Lennon. The contents of an April 25, 1972, memo to Haldeman have been obliterated in their entirety, under the national security exemption. But the memo's postscript refers Haldeman to a fuller report sent by E. L. Shackelford to E. S. Miller. Those agents' names have appeared in the news in a different connection. Miller (along with Mark Felt) was found guilty of breaking and entering in the F.B.I. investigation of the Weather Underground. He and Felt are the only F.B.I. agents ever to be convicted of crimes committed on the job. (They were pardoned by Ronald Reagan in 1981.) Their supervisor on that case was E.L. Shackelford. Do the withheld portions of Lennon's file contain evidence that the F.B.I. committed the same kinds of illegal acts against Lennon that the same people were convicted of having committed in the Weather Underground case?

Hoover stated in another memo that Lennon was "in U.S. to assist in organizing disruption of RNC." That was absurd. The Lennons left London and moved to New York for a variety of reasons. For instance, they wanted to try to get custody of Yoko's American daughter by a previous marriage. But above all they came to America because it was the land of the free, the home of rock 'n' roll.

Still, it isn't hard to understand the Nixon Administration's fear of Lennon's political potential. In Ann Arbor, Lennon had shared the stage with the same people who had organized the Chicago demonstrations against the Democrats in 1968. In terms of attendance, Chicago had been a flop; only twenty thousand showed up. The following fall, a quarter of a million came to Washington for the Vietnam Mobilization, and half a million went to hear music in Woodstock that summer. Only Mayor Daley's police riot made the Chicago demonstrations a historic event. None of the big rock stars had come to Chicago.

If Lennon topped the bill at a "political Woodstock" outside the 1972 Republican National Convention, Rubin and his friends reasoned, they would bring together the two strands of the '60s: counterculture and new left, rock and radical politics. Robert Christgau, writing about Lennon in *Newsday* that summer, declared, "if rock and roll is to continue to function politically, it must continue to liberate its audience—to broaden fellow-feeling, direct energy, and focus analysis." That's exactly what Lennon and Rubin wanted to achieve. Nor were the counterculture, the new left, and the F.B.I. alone in believing in the political power of rock music. In 1969 *Time* magazine wrote that rock was "not just a particular form of pop, but . . . one long symphony of protest . . . basically moral . . . the proclamation of a new set of values . . . the anthem of revolution." The underground press never made a stronger claim. For once, Nixon wasn't being paranoid—or at least his deliriums were shared by others.

LENNON'S LAWYERS successfully delayed the deportation order, and apparently advised him to cancel his rock tour plans. But the F.B.I. still worried that he would lead demonstrations against Nixon at the convention, which had now been moved to Miami (hence his "anti-Mirep activities.") By the summer of 1972, the F.B.I. was searching for a way to strengthen what the I.N.S. now privately admitted was a "very loose case." The F.B.I. wrote in July that "LENNON is reportedly a 'heavy user of narcotics' known as 'downers.' This information should be emphasized to local Law Enforcement Agencies . . . with regards to subject being arrested if at all possible on

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possession of narcotics charge." If such an arrest were made, Lennon "would become more likely to be immediately deportable."

F.B.I. agents do not enforce the laws making possession of narcotics a crime. (Judging from this memo, they don't even know that "downers"—barbiturates—are not narcotics.) That's why they had to get the local cops to try. And that's why this memo sounds like a proposal to set Lennon up for a drug bust to prevent him from leading antiwar demonstrations at the Republican convention.

Lennon never was busted on drug charges, and never appeared in any of the Miami news reports. But the F.B.I. was haunted by the fear that he might have secretly demonstrated against the Republican convention. Acting Director L. Patrick Gray was informed in September by the Miami SAC that "local authorities have furnished no information to indicate the presence of the subject in Miami Beach, Florida, at any time during the summer of 1972." Nevertheless, just to make sure, the F.B.I. decided to do an extraordinary thing: "On 8/22/72 and 8/23/72 approximately 1,200 individuals were arrested in Miami Beach by local authorities during protest demonstrations against the Republican National Convention. The records relating to these arrests were photographed by the Miami Office and the film is currently being processed by the F.B.I. Laboratory. When the arrest records become available, they will be reviewed to determine whether subject may have been arrested during the above convention."

If John Lennon had been arrested for demonstrating against Richard Nixon, it would have been one of the biggest events in the history of counterculture politics. The F.B.I.'s belief that Lennon could have demonstrated against Nixon and then been arrested, *without anyone finding out about it*, provides a ludicrous ending to the story. Two months of work by the Miami F.B.I. "failed to reflect that the subject was one of those arrested," L. Patrick Gray was informed. On December 8, 1972, "in view of subject's inactivity in Revolutionary Activities . . . captioned case is being closed in the NY Division."

THUS the John Lennon files that have been released make the F.B.I. look more like the Keystone Kops than the Gestapo. But the campaign to "neutralize" Lennon wasn't a joke; it was a crime. Lennon spoke out against the war at rallies and demonstrations. He associated with leading antiwar activists. But the files contain no evidence that Lennon committed any criminal acts: no bombings, no terrorism, no conspiracies. His activities were precisely the kind protected by the First Amendment. The files show that he was a victim of an Administration obsessed with its "enemies," and abusing the power of the Presidency in violation of the Constitution. And the two-thirds of Lennon's main F.B.I. file which has been withheld in its entirety is likely to contain evidence of additional dirty tricks and interference with the Lennons' private lives.

Soon after his re-election, Nixon had bigger things to worry about than John Lennon, but the I.N.S. kept Lennon in court for three more years. By the mid-'70s, rock politics proved to be more flexible, and more available to work within the system, than Lennon and his friends could have imagined in 1971 and '72. The 1976 Democratic primary candidates relied on rock concerts for much of their fundraising. Jerry Brown had Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, the Eagles, and Chicago. Sargent Shriver had Neil Diamond and Tony Orlando. Birch Bayh had Stephen Stills. Hubert Humphrey had James Brown (!). Arlo Guthrie and Harry Chapin sang for Fred Harris. And Jimmy Carter had the Allman Brothers.

By 1980 a new group of rock musicians were playing a new kind of political concert: the *No Nukes* film showed the Madison Square Garden concert starring Bruce Springsteen, Graham Nash, Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, and others. Some of these same stars appeared at the peace demonstrations in New York's Central Park and the Rose Bowl in Los Angeles in June 1982, where hundreds of thousands of demonstrators sang John Lennon's "Imagine." The recent peace movement concert-rallies have been much tamer than what Lennon and Rubin had in mind in 1972, but they certainly helped to mobilize youthful opposition to the Reagan Administration. Perhaps the parallel between Lennon's activities and those of today's politically active rock stars may help explain the Reagan Administration's action on the Lennon F.B.I. files.

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION'S withholding of the Lennon F.B.I. file is part of a larger policy hostile to public access to government information. Under the Carter Administration, documents could be classified "confidential" and exempted from release under the F.O.I.A. only if their disclosure would cause "identifiable damage to national security." If this policy was already too vague, the recent Reagan executive order on classification made it worse. Reagan has removed the word "identifiable" from the definition. Now, an F.B.I. classification officer can withhold documents even if the threat they pose is unidentifiable. (See "Leaky Liberties," TNR, April 25.)

Among the many emotions that were released by rock music in the late '60s was a feeling for revolution. The experiences of anger and exaltation that rock music provided for countless Americans were not in themselves political experiences. Lennon knew that. He also knew that rock could become a potent political force when it was linked to real political organizing, when, for example, it brought young people together to protest the war. In 1971 and 1972 he made a commitment to test this political power. The twenty-six pounds of files reveal the government's commitment to stop him.

We don't know the full extent of their effort, because so many of the files have been withheld. Was Lennon really a threat to the national security, as the Reagan Administration now claims? Or are Reagan's people trying to conceal the full story of the government's harassment of an antiwar activist? The A.C.L.U. of Southern California and I hope to find out: we filed suit in federal court on March 22 to win release of the classified pages of John Lennon's F.B.I. file.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Historical Present

The Return of Martin Guerre
(European International Distributors)

Baby, It's You
(Paramount)

The basic aim of historical films is mystery. The best of them—such as Carné's *Children of Paradise*, Bergman's *Virgin Spring*, Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*, Tavernier's *Let Joy Reign Supreme*—burrow through their stories, characterizations, complexities of every kind, to a fundamentally naive question, nonetheless awesome: How could the camera have been present at this moment in the past? If the question never rises in our minds, to be ridiculed and to rise again, the film in some way lacks fullness. The question never rises with contemporary films because the world around us, next door or next hemisphere, now exists to be photographed, is certified by photography. We expect the world today or of the recent past to be available through the camera. When a historical film is good, it begins to take on a verity that is an anachronism: it enters a world of data communication to which it doesn't belong. In the theater, no matter how good historical re-creation may be (and it hasn't been a major effort of the theater in recent decades), this mystery never rises because the theater is not, as the camera is, an instrument of reportage as well as art.

The mystery occurs in *The Return of Martin Guerre*, which means of course that the film has other virtues, or the mystery would never be manifest. The film puts us in a sixteenth-century French farming commune as casually as it might put us in a twentieth-century French village. Only after the picture has been running a while do we perceive the absence of re-creation, of strain to fabricate the past. Then the pleasantly naive question surfaces: How can we possibly be seeing these things? And the question teases even though (as in many good period films) we know some of the actors from contemporary work. The actors' transformative imaginations are, of course, part of the time miracle.

Historical films that make the miracle are to some degree rewarding whatever else they may or may not provide. *The Return of Martin Guerre* makes the miracle and something more; so, though it's not in a class with those that I've mentioned above, it's engrossing. The screenplay, by the director Daniel Vigne and Jean-Claude Carrière, collaborator with Buñuel and others, is based on a true incident. This can be an obstacle because it sometimes leads to justification by accuracy rather than by art, but Vigne and Carrière have constructed a script that, through incisiveness and a small convolution of chronology, limbers a chronicle into a drama.

That drama rests on one question: Is Martin Guerre, who returns to his wife and small son after an absence of eight years, really Martin Guerre? (Lovers of Pirandello will immediately scent the breeze.) Martin was a stripling when he left: he comes back a solid young man, a veteran soldier. All the people in the commune, including his wife, recognize him, and he certainly knows all of them by name and in personal history. Doubts about his identity come later, as does resolution.

One question raised by the film, a question you have probably heard before, is: What is truth? Everything is fine in the Guerre family, in the commune. The returnee *is* Martin Guerre, until doubt is raised: quashed: raised again. In between the doubts, the man is Martin Guerre. What difference does it make if, in "reality," he is not? Does the "reality" change, in between the doubts?

Finally the question is settled. Even though the story is historical, I won't reveal the settlement because the pleasure is in the succession of doubts more than in the conclusion. Unlike Pirandello (*As You Desire Me*, for instance), that conclusion is unambiguous. This of course makes the story less resonant than Pirandello, but life, that bumbler, is not an artist. On the other hand, *Martin Guerre* has the gloss of really having happened.

The returned Martin is played by Gérard Depardieu, whose career is continually surprising. He does so many films, so many of them reliant on his macho energy, that we can begin to think he is more a made-to-film-order star than an actor. Occasionally, as in *Mon Oncle d'Amérique*, he reminds us that he can range from that persona, can do more than fill screen space charismatically, more than bustle his magnetic self around. In *Martin Guerre*, he seems to have changed the location of his neck. Instead of the strapping Depardieu whose physicality endorses his personality and vice versa, an Olympic weightlifter who can act, here he seems reshaped by labor. His neck seems to grow out of his upper chest. He is no

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Betrayal. Harold Pinter's dialogue is finer than the script as a whole. His scintillating cast and director make the most of that dialogue.

Max Dugan Returns. Neil Simon spins more sentimentally tangled webs. Schoolteacher falls for detective; then her long-lost father turns up—wanted by police. Some good Simon gags, some neat Herbert Ross direction. Japan could take lessons in mass production from Simon.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. Funny but, even more, angry. A superbly ingenious, ruthlessly clever collection of slashes at human imperfections by six of the wittiest men alive.

Tender Mercies. Robert Duvall, quietly gripping as a Texas singing star who dives down to alcoholic bottom and comes part way back. Horton Foote's script, Bruce Beresford's direction, and a perfect cast make it all a tight-lipped spiritual allegory.

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less strong, but here he is a man who needs his strength in order to eat, a peasant.

His wife is played by Nathalie Baye with many secrets and, thank heaven, few smiles. As long as Baye has a part that keeps her from smiling a lot, she convinces and appeals. The whole cast is exemplary, the most notable being Roger Planchon as a judge/examiner. I can't recall seeing Planchon on screen before. He is of course a famous name in the theater, one of the outstanding French Brechtians, a playwright, and the director of over fifty productions. (One of the most famous, by the way, was Pirandello's *Henry IV*.) His composure, his grave and well-modulated voice give dimension to his role.

CERTAINLY a word must be said about the cinematographer, André Neau, particularly for his interiors. The lighting inside looks like the light that would be available by day through small windows and by night from candles, yet Neau doesn't use the old device of trying to reproduce effects derived from paintings of the period. The costumes by Anne-Marie Marchand look homespun, worn to the shapes of people who don't have many clothes. The historical accuracy is guaranteed by a Princeton professor of history, who served as consultant, but it is made by the director.

Daniel Vigne is forty-three; this is only his second theatrical feature. (His first was not shown here.) This puts him with such other late debutants as Antonioni and Tanner. After he graduated from the French film school IDHEC, he worked as assistant director on twelve films, then did considerable work in television, including a six-hour series about the French countryside. His work here is marked by lucidity, calm, control; his editing, with Denise de Casabianca, is invisible, therefore right. But what most distinguishes his work is his sense of the multifarious life he is treating. No actor is in costume, no actor has actor's "business." Anyone who has driven through France has seen, besides the towns and villages, clusters of old farmhouses that have grown through the centuries on common holdings. If you have ever wondered what life there was like in the sixteenth century—and without such questions, why bother to look at those places?—this picture will fascinate on that ground alone. The picture's story is good; the picture's raising of that old question—of the camera's anachronistic presence—is even better.

John Sayles's first two films, the second of which was *Lianna* (TNR, March 14), were made on shoestrings. Having used up his two shoestrings, he has now moved into a big budget film, *Baby, It's You*, and the expected that I didn't expect from Sayles has happened. Those first two films were clumsy but they tackled challenging subjects. The new film, because he had expensive professional colleagues, is much smoother, but it tackles very little. *Baby, It's You* is a conventional story about mismatched 1960s high school lovers (she's the daughter of a Jewish dentist, he's an Italian quasi-hood from the wrong side of the tracks) with an attachment on his part that continues after the girl goes off to college.

The moves of the script are all dull, even forced, like the boy's obligatory drive-through-the-night at the end. The film's only assets are the two leading performances. As the stud who is disturbed to find that he has a heart, Vincent Spano does some O.K. sulking and blazing. The pert and pretty girl, Rosanna Arquette, has genuine feeling. Both are by now professionally known on film and television, yet both bring to their performances more freshness than Sayles brought to his script.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Don't Read This Review!

Since the theater with which I am associated originated this production of Marsha Norman's *'night, Mother* (Golden), I should disqualify myself from writing a review. Well, I'm going to commit an unethical journalistic act, and submit one anyway. I have two excuses for this totally self-serving deci-

'night, Mother
by Marsha Norman

sion, neither very exculpatory. One is that ever since I first read *'night, Mother*, it has filled me with the kind of exaltation I experience only in the presence of a major dramatic work, and how many new plays can you say that about in the course of a reviewing career? The other is that since my judgments have little influence on Broadway theatergoers, it is unlikely that anything I say will start a box office stampede. Still, there's no question I'm involved in a conflict of interest however I proceed. I can't very well pretend to be objective about the production, so I will forgo comment on it, but I simply can't resist writing about the play.

The play occupies about eighty-five minutes of stage time without intermission, as measured by three or four clocks that tick away remorselessly on the surfaces of the set. Scrupulously realistic, *'night, Mother* is also chastely classical in its observance of the unities, especially the unity of time. However, it not only measures its own time (like the movie *High Noon*, for example), but also the time of the audience. Matinees excepted, the clocks on stage display the same hour as the watches on the wrists of the spectators. This sounds like a gimmick, but it gives the play the density and compression of an explosive device, and accounts in part for its remorseless power (it also helps explain the enduring strength and validity of the *Poetics*).

The clock collection belongs to Thelma Cates, the aging mother of Jessie Cates; the two have been living together in a tackily decorated country house somewhere in the New South. In the brief course of the play, these two women will share a profound life crisis, a catalytic experience designed to reorder the chemistry of a familiar relationship, and expose both character and destiny. The crisis is initiated by Jessie. Having retrieved her dead father's rusty revolver from a shoe box in the attic, she announces calmly to her mother that she has decided that very night to use it on herself.

At first, Thelma is disbelieving, but Jessie's determination is unmistakable:

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the play is actually an extended death scene, preceding an inevitable, inexorable act. Jessie says she has informed her mother of her suicide plans in order to prepare her, both emotionally and domestically, for life without her. But even as she is outlining the shopping routine and inventorying the kitchen utensils (*'night, Mother* is a minutely detailed mosaic of the commonplaces of everyday modern life), Jessie is also trying to justify and explain the root causes of her extreme decision. Her passion for the quiet and darkness of death is fed by real misfortunes—her husband has left her, her son is a petty thief—but more incurably by a free-floating despair: "I'm just not having a very good time and I don't have any reason to think it'll get anything but worse. I'm tired. I'm hurt. I'm sad. I feel used." When her mother presses her further about the source of her misery, Jessie answers: "Oh, everything from you and me to Red China."

The Red China issue we share with Jessie, but the "you and me" is personal, and, having made her decision, Jessie wants to use her last moments to explore her relationship with her mother and recall their past. She is full of recrimination, particularly about Thelma's failure to inform her fully about her epileptic condition, but underneath the bitterness and complaint lies a curious form of symbiotic love. Her suicide is perhaps meant partly to punish her mother, but it is also a means of reaching out to her, and in the agony of their parting there develops a deeper understanding between the two women than they could ever have achieved in life. But it is not enough. Jessie feels like someone who just failed to arrive. She waited and waited to fulfill the promise of her childhood, but it never happened; "I'm what was worth waiting for and I didn't make it. Me . . . who might have made a difference to me . . . I'm not going to show up, so there's no reason to stay, except to keep you company, and that's . . . not reason enough because I'm not . . . very good company . . . . Am I?" To which Thelma must truthfully answer no.

But Thelma is not simply trying to understand her daughter's suicide, she is also trying to stop it, and she uses all the strategies and arguments in her possession to stay the course of necessity. Thelma is a salty, shrewd, good-natured country woman who represents a strong force for survival. Having allowed her damaged daughter to take care of her in order to give her a purpose, she is now being brought to realize that nobody can organize or possess another's life; but she still thinks she can prevent another's death. In an incessant stream of chatter, she tries to distract Jessie's attention with jokes and anecdotes, resorting then to tantrums, exhortations, derision, pitiful pleas, even physical threats. Nothing works for her—not even her poignant effort to prepare hot chocolate "the old way," Marsha Norman's version of J. D. Salinger's "consecrated chicken soup" (both women discover they never like it, since both hate milk). For Jessie has no real appetites, which is another symptom of her anomie. Wondering what might keep her alive, Jessie muses: "If there was something I really liked, like maybe if I really liked rice pudding or cornbread for breakfast or something, that might be enough," to which Thelma replies softly, "Rice pudding is good." "Not to me," answers Jessie.

IN THE CLIMAX of the play, Thelma's positive force finds expression in a resounding affirmation of life, as she screams her refusal to die until they drag her screeching and screaming to her grave. But it is not enough to counteract Jessie's pitiless and terrifying No. Realizing that Jessie is already dead—"I'm looking right through you. I can't stop you because you're already gone"—Thelma crumples into helpless resignation, weakly absorbing her daughter's instructions about how to behave after she hears the shot. And when, following Thelma's final desperate attempt to restrain her daughter, Jessie says goodnight, closes her door, and fulfills her destiny, Mama is left forlorn on stage, her left hand gripping the hot chocolate pan, as she picks up the phone to inform the rest of the family and confront the wreckage of her life.

It is a moment that must happen; yet we continue to believe that it won't, as in the highest tragedy. *'night, Mother* proceeds with the relentless force of a juggernaut, displaying not a single moment of artifice or contrivance or self-consciousness. In the absolute truthfulness of her treatment and dialogue, in the unforced poetry of her modern speech, and in her capacity to create major climaxes out of petty quotidian affairs, Miss Norman has followed the path of Chekhov who believed that the great stakes of modern drama must emerge from under the trivial course of the daily routine: "Let the things that happen on stage," he wrote, "be just as complex and yet just as simple as they are in life. For instance, people are having a meal at a table, just having a meal, but at the same time their happiness is

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being created, or their lives are being smashed up." But the playwright to whom she is bound to be compared in future, in power, style, and intention, is Eugene O'Neill, for in the way it exhumes buried family secrets, exposes the symbiotic links among parents and children, and alternates between bitter recriminations and expressions of love, *'night, Mother* is a compressed, more economical version of *A Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

I am invoking some great names in describing this play because I believe Miss Norman, consciously or not, is writing in a great dramatic tradition, and, young as she is, has the potential to preserve and revitalize it. Nothing reinforces one's faith in the power and importance of the theater more than the emergence of an authentic universal playwright—not a woman playwright, mind you, not a regional playwright, not an ethnic playwright, but one who speaks to the concerns and experiences of all humankind. Implicated as I am, I have grown convinced that Marsha Norman is the genuine article—an American writer with the courage to look unflinchingly into the black holes from which we normally turn our faces. I hope you will, therefore, forgive me my ethical trespasses as I try to welcome her with all the awe and humility and gratitude that I think her work deserves.

A portrait of the editor as evangel.

HENRY LUCE'S CHINA DREAM

BY JOHN HERSEY

HENRY LUCE underwent profound changes between 1937 and 1948. These were the years of his greatest involvement with China. I was his employee during all but the last three of those years.

When I first went to work for him at *Time*, at $35 a week, he seemed a walking wonder of possibilities to a mishkid like me—a missionary offspring, that is. He was a mishkid who had made good in a big way. He was exciting to be around. Emotions—feelings that had to do with a human touch—were enigmatic in him, but abstractions lit up his face, as if in a dazzling *son et lumière* at the Sphinx. His mind darted and jumped. He was astonished and delighted by whatever he had not previously known. He stammered because there were so many enthusiasms trying to make simultaneous escape across his Calvinist tongue. Because I, too, was a China mishkid, he would in those earlier days call me up to the 33rd floor, now and then, to discuss a China story. This was great. Together we would explore a dozen approaches. Then he would say, "Go and write it"—and it would be for me to choose which of the approaches to use.

By the end of the period, it was another and much more terrible case. A conference on a story would begin, "John, the way I see this thing is. . . ." Sometimes his commands or correctives were in memo form, in prose hewn by a chilled axe. It got so bad that T. S. Matthews, as managing editor, on receiving one of Luce's lightning bolts, wrote back:

> No decent human being would answer your memo by accepting it. . . . You have written as if to dogs, not to human beings. And you have made a mistake. If you're really degenerating into a barking boss, you'll soon have behind you only the anxious, stupid, dishonest subservience that kind of boss can command.

As Luce's temperament hardened during those years, so did his views on China. Early we find him urging resistance to China's enemy, Japan; deploring American sales of scrap steel to the Japanese; warmly praising progressive undertakings like the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives founded by the New Zealander Rewi Alley. Next he is an Asia-firster, with growing differences with Roosevelt on the conduct of the war. Then he writes a personal letter to every subscriber to *Time* asking for support of United China Relief. Next he is squarely in the pro-Chiang China Lobby. And finally, in 1948, he is the bitter author of a letter to Senator Arthur Vandenberg:

> The measure of the degradation of American policy in the Pacific is the fact that a few guys like [Representative Walter H.] Judd and me have to go about peddling a vital interest of the United States and a historic article of U.S. foreign policy as if it were some sort of bottled chop suey that we were trying to sneak through the Pure Food Laws.

Now here is an intriguing question. Why did that particular missionary son reach a destination on the China question so very different from that reached by other sons of missionaries—notably, for a couple of examples, John Paton Davies and John Service? Those two mishkids were hounded out of the foreign service by Senator Joseph McCarthy for the sin of seeing the China picture, as we know now, far more accurately than Henry Luce was seeing it.

Why the difference?

First of all, there was the matter of Henry Robinson Luce's foremost model and mentor—his father, Henry Winters Luce, called, as his son was to be, Harry. I have been working for about four years on a fictional biography of a missionary in China. I have done a great deal of research, and I must say I have found no other missionary figure quite like Harry Luce the First. He was a wheeler and dealer. He thought big; the minute he saw a small missionary college, he wanted it to be a university. He had a lifelong romance, sometimes stormy, with money. It was his fate to be, not a soul-saver, but a fund-raiser. Sherwood Eddy, who roomed with Luce and Horace Pitkin at Union Theological Seminary, before they went out, tells that one night the three of them talked so fervently about money that in bed later he dreamed he saw a hand up near the ceiling holding a fistful of cash; he leaped out of bed to reach for it and crashed to the floor. Of the senior Luce's thirty years as a missionary, he spent eleven back in the States raising money, for Tengchow College, Cheeloo University, and Yenching University, for the last of which he attracted more than two million dollars. This money man instilled a

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John Hersey, a journalist and novelist, is the author of *Hiroshima* (Bantam), *The Wall* (Modern Library), and *The Child Buyer* (Bantam), among other books.

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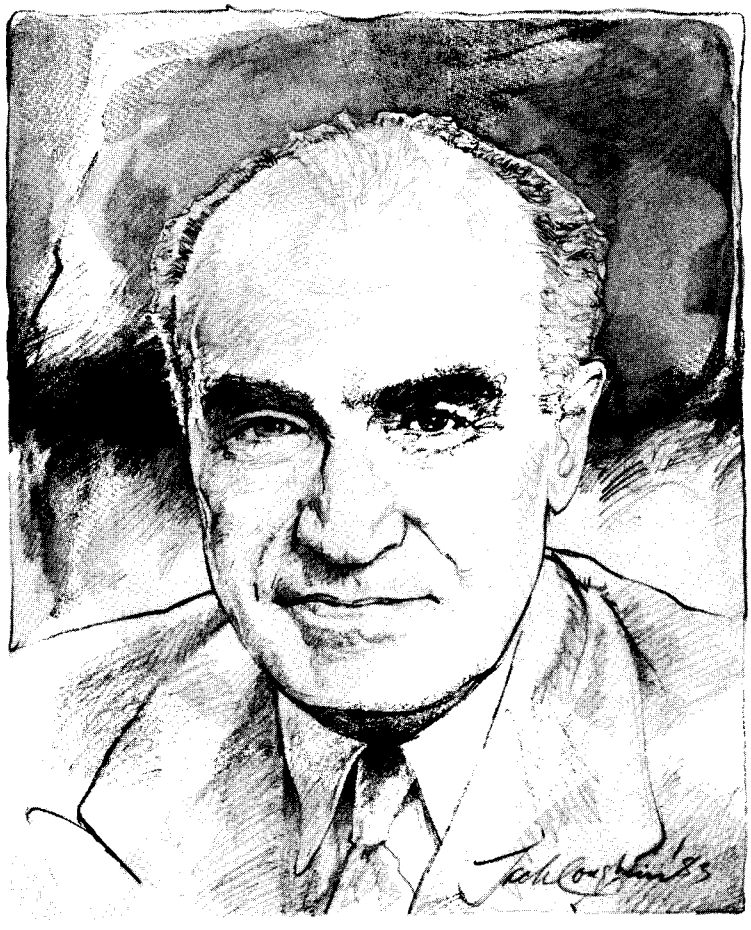
hot ambition in his son. "Character is destiny," he kept telling him. And his constant exhortation to young Henry was "Use your native Lucepower." At about twelve years of age the son wrote home from Chefoo School, "I would like to be Alexander if I were not Socrates." Early on, father Harry had made connections that would pay off in son Harry's career. The headmaster of the tiny Scranton private school he went to was Walter H. Buell, later to be headmaster of the Hotchkiss School, to which the younger Harry would go. The wealthy Scranton businessman who put up the entire support for the father's mission was James A. Linen, whose grandson would later show up as president of Time, Inc. Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, widow of the inventor of the harvester, built a house for the father in Weihsien and years later gave the son a thousand-dollar gift on his graduation from Yale, which made it possible for him to take a year of graduate study at Oxford.

Here is an interesting fact, for what it's worth: Harry Luce the elder went out to China before the Boxer uprising of 1900; the fathers of Davies and Service went out after it. Luce *père* escaped to Korea, but his close friend Horace Pitkin was killed in Paotingfu. I touch glancingly on this fact because the Boxer time appears to me to have been the watershed between two quite different breeds of missionaries—the dedicated evangelists before it, the slightly more worldly social-gospel missionaries, who wanted to help improve the quality of the life of the Chinese, after it; this difference may have been reflected in the outlooks of the sons.

At any rate, religion seems to have been more tenacious in Luce than in Service and Davies; he held on to his Presbyterianism, while they seem to have been in varying degrees apostate. "An ample road to salvation was marked out for me in childhood," he once said. He was baptized by one of the craggy giants of the Protestant church in China, Dr. Calvin Mateer; and that wet touch on his forehead left a kind of scald that stayed hot under his skin all his life long. His sister Beth has an early memory of his standing on a stool in the mission compound preaching a sermon to amahs and babies. Among the family papers there is a sermon he wrote, at age six, on II Timothy 1:7: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear." His faith was not always easy. More than once he said in the presence of colleagues, "O Lord, I believe—help Thou my unbelief." It was understood by all of us that he should be allowed to ride alone in the elevator each day, and he confided to a very few friends that he spent those moments of daily ascension and fall in prayer.



HENRY R. LUCE BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Luce's editorial associate John Jessup wrote some years ago:

> John Courtney Murray made a curious point in reflecting on his Protestant friend's "astonishing and all but unclassifiable" mind. It was that many of the serious thinkers to whom Luce was most attracted—Hocking, Toynbee, Tillich, Heard, and later Pierre Teilhard de Chardin—were all what Murray called "gnostics." By this Murray did not mean that they were followers of the second-century heresy. He meant that they were all semi-mystic followers of personal paths to truth who put more of their puzzled faith in intuition than in revelation or authority. "Poor indeed is the unmystical philosophy," wrote Luce in college, and he never ceased to believe in the possibility of private visions of God. Yet he could not himself be called a gnostic. His own religion was less mystical than historical, rooted in time and place.
>
> It was rooted in Palestine in the first three decades A.D. This historical event, as Luce saw it, was the high point of God's intervention in human affairs that began with the Creation, picked up speed with Abraham, left signs for the eye of faith in every century, and will make its purpose fully clear at the end of the world. Luce's providential view of history remained intact against the arguments of his more learned and less certain friends.

Pressed once about his rigidity on some issue, Luce rather testily blurted out: "I *am* biased in favor of God, the Republican party, and free enterprise." What is interesting here is the interconnection of those biases. For Henry Luce held to a Presbyterian interpretation of history. In a speech at the centennial of Lake Forest College, in Illinois, in 1957, he said: "[What] I want to emphasize tonight is that God is the ruler of human history. . . . We need not," he said, "exaggerate the dominance of Calvinist influence in the founding of the United States. Enough to say that Presbyterians played an immense part in it—and without the Calvinist influence, the American form of government and the American ethos are inconceivable. . . ." And he went on: "God moves in a mysterious way. Who would have thought that He would have dedicated the New World, the new hope of mankind, to freedom, by the means of such ornery people as us Presbyterians. But the record is there—

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facts are facts." He also said in that speech:

> Presbyterians are credited with the invention of modern capitalism—and if we accept the credit, as we might as well, we are accountable for the horrible sins of capitalism as well as for the revolutionary advance of human productivity and physical well-being.

Thus he could account for his own fast-growing material well-being as God-sent—though he knew that some thought him in touch with Mammon. He was aware—and hurt—that certain clergymen considered his publications materialistic and unprincipled, and his mother let him know she was worried about his immortal soul because, among other reasons, he presided over what was then the world's largest medium for the advertising of alcoholic beverages.

The younger Luce's connection with money was far closer than his father's. His father raised it; he made it. Of course this distinction sharply marks off Henry R. Luce from Davies and Service, and indeed from other mishkids in general. Lucepower, it turned out, was money power; such power of influence as the other two gained and later lost was manifestly not material. At Hotchkiss, where Luce waited on tables and swept out classrooms as a scholarship student, he thought of becoming a businessman in China—as he put it at the time, in "some big economic movement—railroads, mining, wholesale farming, 5 and 10-cent stores, news syndicates." He seemed to think of this opportunity as a kind of mission in itself, because, as he wrote, "before the [Chinese] people as a whole become alive to the 'higher things' they must get their noses off the economic grindstone." Someone once called Luce "the very embodiment of Max Weber's Protestant ethic," one who must have agreed with Victorian divines that "God is in league with riches." Be that as it may, by the beginning of the period we are talking about, Luce held shares of Time, Inc. stock worth on paper more than twenty million dollars, and not yet forty years old he drew dividends from them, as the Depression dwindled away, of something like eight hundred thousand dollars a year. Nineteen thirties dollars.

The money power was of course ancillary to his growing power as an editor. He became sure of himself. He had not always been. At Hotchkiss and Yale, the boy who had wanted to be an Alexander—you will remember that whoever untied the Gordian knot would rule all of Asia, and books said that Alexander had cut the knot with a single daring blow of his sword—this young dreamer suffered the humiliation of being second in magnetism, popularity, and power to his friend Briton Hadden, who was chosen over Luce to be editor first of the Hotchkiss *Record* and later of the *Yale Daily News*. At school and college, Luce had the hated nickname "Chink." Undergraduate life was a bit heavy. Sardonic Hadden, meeting Luce one day on the campus, called to him, "Watch out, Harry, you'll drop the college." When the two founded *Time*, Hadden again got the top spot, as editor. At the height of prosperity in the late '20s, Luce wanted to start a magazine on business, to which he wanted to give the name *Power*. Hadden was opposed, but in 1929, at age 31, he considerately died, and Luce at last became top dog, as editor of *Time*, and he was free to found *Fortune*; and on the eve of the period we are considering, he had just started the fabulously successful *Life*.

In this period of change, there was one constant in Luce. At a dinner of *Time* editors he said: "I regard America as a special dispensation—under Providence. . . . My spiritual pastors shake their heads about this view of mine. They say it tends to idolatry—to idolatry of nation." Luce's particular strain of patriotism was fixed in him early. Speaking to *Time*'s so-called Senior Group of executives on another occasion, he told of going, at age ten, to the Chefoo School, where only about a fifth of the students were American. "We were," he said,

> a strong, conspicuous, successful minority [among which, by the way, was Thornton Wilder]. The British code—flogging and toadying—violated every American instinct. No wonder that hardly an hour passed that an American did not have to run up the flag. A master insists that Ohio is pronounced O-hee-ho. What are you going to do? Will you agree? The American can't agree; it would betray every other American. So first your knuckles are rapped, then you get your face slapped—by the master—then you are publicly caned. By this time you are crying, but still you can't say O-hee-ho.

"In some ways," Luce said in 1950,

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that background endowed me with special qualifications to be editor-in-chief of great American publications. . . . In some ways, it disqualified me. I probably gained a too romantic, too idealistic view of America. The Americans I grew up with—all of them—were good people. Missionaries have their faults, but their faults are comparatively trivial. I had no experience of evil in terms of Americans. . . . Put along with that the idea that America was a wonderful country, with opportunity and freedom and justice for all, and you got not only an idealistic, but a romantic view—a profoundly false romantic view.

This insight may have come as hindsight, for it was uttered long after the public reaction to his famous essay, "The American Century," published in 1941. Luce was right in saying that his romantic Americanism had been planted in him early. I have come across a fascinating preview of "The American Century." Partly, no doubt, because of his stammer—or rather because when he spoke forensically he did not stammer—he set great store by oratory in his school and college years. Winning the DeForest Oration prize at Yale in 1920, he pronounced some amazingly predictive words, which he more or less plagiarized from himself in "The American Century." In his college speech, as in the later essay, Luce took the high tone of the pre-Boxer missionaries who advocated both Christian charity and gunboats:

When we say "America" twenty years from now may it be that the great name will signify throughout the world at least two things: First, that American interests shall be respected, American citizens entitled to trade and to live in every corner of the globe, American business ideals recognized wherever the trader goes; second, that America may be counted upon to do her share in every international difficulty, that she will be the great friend of the lame, the halt and the blind among nations, the comrade of all nations that struggle to rise to higher planes of social and political organization, and withal the implacable and *immediate* foe of whatever nation shall offer to disturb the peace of the world. If this shall be, then the America of this century shall have glory and honor to take into that City of God far outshining the glory and honor which the kings do bring. . . .

Three months after the publication of "The American Century," Luce went to China, and in Chungking he extended his idolatry of nation to embrace as well the one—or the part of one—presided over by the Christian Chiang Kai-shek and the Christian Soong Mei-ling, Chiang's wife. During that visit he also encountered and was dazzled, charmed, and challenged by the brilliant young *Time* correspondent there, Theodore H. White; and on his return to the States he took White with him, to make him an editor of the magazine—but more importantly, to adopt him, to take possession of him. As he had done, in a different but no less paternal way, over the years, with me. Four years later, both White and I had, not without pain, torn ourselves away from him.

AT THIS POINT I should probably mention two people who had a great deal to do with the change in Luce during the years I am talking about. The first, of course, was Clare Boothe, whom he had married two years before this period began. Her diamond-hard mind and her religious journey toward Rome, which culminated in her conversion just at the height of White's and my struggles with Luce, certainly bore on his views on China. Her conversion to Catholicism could not have been easy for this faithful Presbyterian missionary's son, but he accepted it with Calvinist fortitude. Clare reinforced his bias in favor of God and against the Godless. In an interview with *McCalls* she said the experience of her conversion had given her increased moral ammunition against the Communists—because of their denial of personal sin.

The other person, who figured much more directly in the White and Hersey outcomes, was Whittaker Chambers. He had joined the *Time* staff in 1939, the year after his renunciation of the Communist Party, and he had become the Foreign News editor. By late 1944 the monotone of paranoia he imposed on *Time*'s foreign news had begun to alarm not only White in China and me in Moscow but also Walter Graebner in London, Charles Wertenbaker in Paris, John Osborne in Rome, and others. "Some recent copies of *Time* have just reached me," I cabled Tom Matthews one week.

In all honor I must report to you that I do not like the tone of many Foreign News stories. I need not itemize: You know what I mean. . . . For this week, and until I cool off, I shall abstain from corresponding with Foreign News.

This was also the juncture at which Teddy White sent back from China a long and considered account of the firing of Stilwell, which he managed to have flown home on Stilwell's plane. When he read a Domei news agency summary of the cover story Chambers wrote on Stilwell, White blew up, threatened to quit, and flew off to Yenan.

There were so many complaints like these that Luce ordered a survey of a number of correspondents' opinions of Chambers's editing. A query was sent to us in the field. The replies were unanimous. All cabled back essentially what I cabled back: Passages used from my dispatches were "torn from the context . . . and put into [the] new context of *Time*'s editorial bias," which, I said, was "grossly unfair" and "actually vicious."

In the very midst of all this, Luce, with his gifts of charm and seduction, cabled me offering to bring me home and train me for the top job on the magazine, the managing editorship—just as he had taken Teddy White home to make him what he could never be, an editor. I declined, asserting that I was a writer and that I would anyway have been a prickly choice, in view of his bias in favor of the Republican Party and the fact that I was a convinced Democrat.

Luce soon gave the correspondents his judgment of their replies to the survey, and there was no doubt where he came out. "The posture of events in January, 1945," he cabled,

seems to have confirmed Editor Chambers about as fully as a news-editor is ever confirmed. . . . I have just been told, in a highly confidential manner, that Stalin is, after all, a Communist. I am also somewhat less confidentially informed that the Pope is a Christian. Some will say: what does it matter in either case? And what does it matter that Hersey advises me that he, John Hersey, is a Democrat? Well, I cannot say for sure what these pieces of information signify, but one must respect the data in each case. A good Foreign News Editor, while guarding against the prejudices arising from his own convictions, will not ignore the circumstance that the Pope is a Christian and Stalin a Communist and Hersey, God bless him, a Democrat.

Cryptic stuff—but the message was clear. So far as the boss was concerned, Chambers was right, and the men in the field were wrong. Take it or leave it.

In February Teddy White sent a cable

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about a new breakdown of negotiations between the Nationalists and Communists; Chambers used not a word of the dispatch. White quarreled along until April. Luce was evidently shaken by Teddy's arguments, because he wrote a memo to his management executive committee, advising them "of the possible serious error of my policy in re China." He went on: "For myself, barring details of execution, I have not the slightest doubt that [*Time*'s] policy has been right. . . . Nevertheless, it is, in some respects, a dangerous policy to pursue and I shall be glad to receive from you advice and counsel thereon." The committee did not ask for a change, and soon Luce sent White an extraordinary message through a third party: "After consultation with Luce," the cable said, "here's what he (and most emphatically he) would like you to do: stay in and near Chungking . . . to report not political China . . . [but] mainly small indigenous colorful yarns." As a sample of the kind of reportage Luce expected of him, the editor sent an excerpt of a London bureau cable of England's two thousandth day of war: "Yellow crocuses bloomed, daffodils sold for dollar and a half per bunch, Commons passing bill making rear lights compulsory on bicycles. . . ." Till the end of the war White limited himself to reporting on the fighting. In his book, *In Search of History*, he tells movingly of the final break on his return to the States, when Luce put to him, in effect, the question: "Will you do whatever I tell you to do as my employee?" Teddy said no, and that was that.

JUST ABOUT THEN I left *Time* and went to China and Japan on contracts with strange bedfellows, *Life* and *The New Yorker*. *The New Yorker* asked me to do a story on the damage in Hiroshima; *Life* made no such suggestion. Several years later I saw Luce walking toward me on a sidewalk in New York, and he saw me, and it was clear that he intended to cut me dead. I blocked his way and spoke to him, however, and I found that he was still furious at my disloyalty in not having given the Hiroshima story to *Life*. He and I came to quite different reasons for wishing there had never been an atom bomb. In an unpublished book he was working on at the time of his death he wrote:

> If the bomb had not been dropped and if the well-laid plans for the MacArthur

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invasion had been carried out—then, almost certainly, the following would have occurred on the mainland of China. In September-October of 1945 there would have been a major Chinese offensive, with American-trained Chinese divisions, leading out of the mountain fastness and down to Canton. It would have been successful. Then, during the winter, having regrouped around Canton, the Generalissimo would have marched north and taken the Yangtze Valley as he had done twenty years before. If the Japanese had then surrendered in the spring of 1946, Chiang Kai-shek would have been in a position to move armies up to Peking and Manchuria. He would still have had to face the Mao Tse-tung trouble. . . . But Chiang would have had a chance—and I think he deserved that chance.

And so Henry Robinson Luce had reached his final destination in a wish: That the sword could have done it. That Alexander, who cut the Gordian knot, could have made the dream come true. For it has all become a dream. He spoke to the Senior Group of Time, Inc. once about his revisit in 1945 to Tsingtao, which he said was

> the most beautiful of all places on this earth, where the mountains come down to the sea. Kaiser Wilhelm II called it the fairest jewel in his crown. It was the last grab of European imperialism in Asia. . . . All I wanted was to swim on the beaches of the bay. And I did. And I took with me the finest swimmer in the United States Marine Corps, Major General [Lemuel] Shepherd. I tell you very solemnly, if American affairs had been entrusted to Major General Shepherd and me, China would not now be Communist.

A Chthonic Novel

Ancient Evenings
by Norman Mailer

(Little, Brown, 709 pp., $19.95)

In the opening pages of this novel the Ka of Menenhetet II evacuates its fleshly taints. We first meet this Ka, this double or shadow, this one of the seven spirits or powers that animate a living man, as a nearly disembodied voice. It does not yet know who or what it is. It only knows that it is in a fire storm of pain. Waves of flame surge through its interior landscape and the world's body, which are indistinguishable. Its veins are volcanic rivers of fire; the sun's incandescence is in its organs. It passes through a wall of flame and in burning darkness sees a number 2, sees a kind of double helix, a promise of "some existence on the other side." Its bowels quake "with oceanic disruption" as it jettisons the "screaming scalding wastes" of all its past fears, failures, and frustrations, its shameful or unconsummated lusts. About to suffocate in the stink and sulfur of its own funk, it lets go, unclenches itself, and thus, says the Ka, "gave birth to my bloody clotting history of coiled and twisted eviscerate."

That history and the twisted history of Menenhetet's extraordinary great grandfather, told in their own words, comprise the substance of *Ancient Evenings*. The language of this opening passage is powerful and disorienting, even though it implies that a Ka delivers itself from its bodily stews much as you relieve yourself after a chili-pepperish dinner—through "the fundament of pain." For we are in Mailer country, the terrain toward which he has been steadily moving at least since the short story, "The Time of Her Time," with its discontinuous selves, its anal and liberating violations. We are in ancient Egypt, which in this novel is an on-and-off metaphor for the repressed unconscious. It is a realm governed by the laws of magic, particularly black magic; events are determined not by material causes, but by our darkest fears and desires. It is a realm put together by the omnipotence of thought, particularly unconscious thought. In our repressed unconscious, in the primitive strata of our minds and our history, in Mailer's Egypt that is, things are connected not by logic or by observation, but according to the principles of homeopathic and contagious magic. Things that share attributes or that have once been in contact can be made to influence each other across time and space, can take each other's places: the organs of elimination, alimentation, and generation, for example, can serve each other's purposes. In that respect, the operations of homeopathic and contagious magic are like those of metonymy and synecdoche, of metaphor and therefore of poetry, of literature, of all art. In *Ancient Evenings* we get the fullest workings-out so far not only of Mailer's psychosomatics, but also of his poetics.

Let us take as an instance one cluster of magical associations, those surrounding the anus, which as the deepest seat of our repressed sexuality is the "foundation" of magic. Dung smells bad, but makes good fertilizer. It is therefore like the swamps and mud of the Nile, like the Nile itself, like Egypt in fact, which depends on the Nile, and which, says the Pharoah Rameses IX, is "not unlike the crack between two great buttocks." The Pharoah should know, for one of his symbols is a circle with lines radiating from it, as the spokes of a wheel radiate from a nub, as the Pharoah's fertile will radiates out in all directions over Egypt, as furrows and chthonic influences radiate from an anus. The Pharoah's wastes are valuable as gold and treated accordingly. He sits on a gold throne, whether in court or at stool, where, like Martin Luther, he does his thinking. The Egyptian word for "ponder," we are told, the word *mau*, can also mean "the light-of-a-God" or "anus."

As fertilizer, dung contains the future. Therefore the languages of rebirth and evacuation throb in the same peristaltic coils; therefore you prophesy by the entrails of animals. As what you leave behind, dung contains your past. So Khepera, the dung beetle, perhaps the greatest god of all, rolls its eggs in balls of dung for its hatchlings to eat, an image of the future feeding on the past out of which it is born. So Khepera presides over the Land of the Dead, with its abysmal stinks, the olfactory equivalent of those wasted opportunities you must relive in pain, terror, and disgust if you wish to brave resurrection. Earth-born Khepera, after all, is a beetle with wings "and could fly, and so knew all worlds."

If you would know your enemy, study his dung, for it will contain traces of all his strengths and weaknesses, for it will be made up of all in his food

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that his limitations prevented him from using. If you really want to know him, bugger him: that's one way—cannibalism is another—to usurp his mana. If you want to know the blackest magic there is, bugger a woman. Why not? As one of the body's orifices, the anus is equivalent to the mouth and to the vagina, here called respectively the Mouth of the Flower and the Mouth of the Fish. The anus is called the Mouth of the Pit. Penetrating someone's body is like entering his mind, thinking his thoughts, knowing him from the inside. It is, in this novel, a metaphor for the writer's projection of imaginative sympathy into his characters. Getting into their subconsciousnesses is a kind of imaginative buggery. And you impart knowledge as you get it. "*Medu* was the word for word and *Medu* was the word for stick. . . . Putting your stick up a woman was the same as giving her the word, yes, language was like a box . . . with another box inside it." The name of our hero, Menenhetet II, means "Foundation-of-speech." His nickname is Meni-Ka, for Ka is not only the name of a spirit; it also means "twice" and "feces." In the beginning was the turd.

The goal of all this magical lore and practice, this anal knowledge, is power over nature, especially human nature, power over your own weakness and the strengths of others. "Wisdom in that life was more like strength," Meni-Ka hears early on. But only on the final page of this novel does he fully realize that "purity and goodness were less to Osiris than strength." The Ka of Menenhetet II begins his painful journey to this knowledge by wandering through a despoiled necropolis until he comes upon his own tomb.

There he meets the Khaibit of his great-grandfather, Menenhetet I, "a man of unspeakable strengths and sinister habits," a great magician and a notorious eater of bat dung, a man who has learned the secret of begetting himself, who has lived four lives, who has been a charioteer, a general of generals, a governor of the Pharoah's harem, a high priest, a brothel keeper, a manufacturer of papyrus, a merchant, a grave robber. The Khaibit, or memory, is another of the seven spirits that animate the living man, and before we are finished the Khaibit of Menenhetet I and the Ka of Menenhetet II will become as intertwined as the strands of a double helix, each the promise of the other's regeneration. For now, the Khaibit, amid "a cacophony of claps, pips, pops, poops, bellows, and on-booming farts," offers to lead the Ka through the Land of the Dead, and a strange journey it is.

On the way, the Khaibit narrates an unexpurgated history of the Egyptian gods, mainly Isis, Osiris, Horus, and Set. The purpose of the long section entitled "The Book of the Gods," Mailer's theogony, only emerge slowly. Mailer's gods are metaphors for the permanent energies of the human psyche and for the character types these energies produce. Looked at in one way, Isis, Osiris, Horus, and Set are siblings: looked at differently, they are Mother, Father, Son, and Rival, an archetypal grouping—the grouping of *Finnegan's Wake*, for example. Set is the rival of Horus, the Son; he is also the rival of Osiris, the Father. But Set shares attributes with Osiris, for sons seek rivals who resemble their fathers. Isis is a mother (and

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sister) to Horus, but she is also his beloved, for sons seek lovers who resemble their mothers. The characters of these gods and the relations among them recur in the novel's two main sets of characters, for a god is the embodiment of a human or natural potency. Your dispositions make you essentially like this god or that. But even a man who is essentially Set-like will occasionally do something worthy of Horus. We say then that he has been possessed by Horus; put differently, he has entered that state or force-field we call Horus.

BLUEBERRYING IN AUGUST

Sprung from the hummocks
of an island promontory,
sea-spray-fed, intact as atoms
stemmed inside the chromosome
(trait-coded, say, for eyes
of that surprising blue some
have, that you have)—profuse,
perishable portholes of the
skull, a stippled monochrome,
its mimic apertures the hue
of distances, of drowning,
riddling the helmet of
this sightless granite—

color of memory, of violets
islanded in the lost wood
of childhood, of creekside
bluebells, their clustered
sips of nectar merged in a
mirage of halcyon weather,
hedged in by anxious terror,
the hooded, hobgoblin-buttressed ancestral mutter:

hue of the illusory indigo
that moats these hillocks
when the day is windless.
But today there is wind;
the slate sag of vapor
that occludes the afternoon
shudders with old, hound-
throated warnings; sheeted
offshore, the lighthouse
dims to a sightless ghost.
August, blue-eyed with this
profusion of stemmed halcyon
droplets, grows somber. Life
was never better, though
the weather, like the twined
thing inside the chromosome,
may break at any minute.

Amy Clampitt

The Khaibit of Menenhetet I is very much a type of Set, the pig-god; it is while he is sodomizing the Ka of his great grandson that we learn of the novel's central characters and events. We see them through visions generated by the Ka, as the knowledge and power of the Khaibit pass magically into him.

Through Meni-Ka's vision, we arrive at the court of Rameses IX, about 3,000 years ago, on the Night of the Pig, when inhibitions are discarded and taboos violated. Dining with the Pharoah are Meni-Ka, aged six; Menenhetet I, a great magician; Meni-Ka's dangerously beautiful mother, Hathfertiti; and his father, a court flunky, Overseer of the Cosmetic Box, the Pharoah's chief make-up artist. Rameses IX is weak; there are rumors of an imminent palace coup; he wants to "know" all about his great ancester, Rameses II, so as to absorb his knowledge and power; he therefore orders Menenhetet to describe his first life, 180 years before, as charioteer, general, and governor of the harem under Rameses II.

And that is how we come to hear of the Battle of Kadesh, which begins Homerically, but ends in an orgy of polymorphous sex and cannibalism; we also hear of fierce harem intrigues, which make mere warfare seem tame; of ancient technologies for quarrying rock and mining gold; of many strange rites and ceremonies; of magical Black Nubians and WASP-ish Hittite Aryans; of dozens of vivid minor characters—workers, soldiers, concubines, eunuchs, priests, and scribes (through whom Mailer makes fun of all academicians and writers); of Rameses II, a notable addition to Mailer's long gallery of charismatic and paranoid movers and shakers; of the bitch-Queen Neferteri and her rival Rama-Nefru; of her implacable and ambitious son Amenkhep-shu-ef; of Menenhetet's desire to become Pharoah and thus guarantee his immortality; of an imminent palace coup to take place during a celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of Rameses II's ascension to the throne.

The patient and masterful skill with which Mailer intertwines his two narrative strands, which spiral around each other very double helix-like, is literally exhilarating. We hear of one uprising while another is taking place. For all their differences, Rameses II and Rameses IX come together, very Osiris-like; beautiful Nefertiri and dangerous Hathfertiti come together very Isis-like; young Meni-Ka and the ferocious Amen-khep-shu-ef come together very Horus-like; and the first and fourth incarnations of Menenhetet come together in Set-like piggishness, resentment, and defeat. Character is destiny, these doublings imply: you are what you were; your inhibitions dig the grooves in your psyche along which you irresistably run, as slowly, implacably, the repressed returns.

The architectonics of this novel, the many intertwined chains of linked imagery, prove once again what we sometimes forget, that Mailer is an artist as well as a mind. And he succeeds very well in solving the most difficult of the problems he set himself—how to present fully and rigorously a form of consciousness that will seem at once alien and familiar to the modern reader. Representations of the magical maneuvers of our repressed fears and desires seem alien because they are repressed; they seem familiar because they come from within us. This consistent atmosphere of the uncanny does not go away, even after you learn how to think "Egyptian." The lapses into what seems like unintentional comedy largely go away, once Mailer has broken our embarrassed resistance to all these fecal matters. When they do not go away it's because Mailer has lost control of his tropes. If you do not buy his notions of magic and the unconscious, of course, you will simply feel that Mailer and his novel are full of shit.

THERE IS one problem that Mailer did not entirely solve, that was not entirely solvable. That problem lies in the neutral tones of his two narrative voices, those of Menenhetet I and Meni-Ka. For numerous reasons, including the risk of anachronism, Mailer could not give his characters sharply individualized idioms. For one thing, they do not have modern, densely packed sealed-off personalities. The borders of their minds are flexible and porous. Their minds dissolve, reform, expand, contract, seep into each other, take in and send out those energies we call spirits or gods. Still, the uniformity of tone over long passages numbs the brain so that on first reading you miss many of Mailer's quieter

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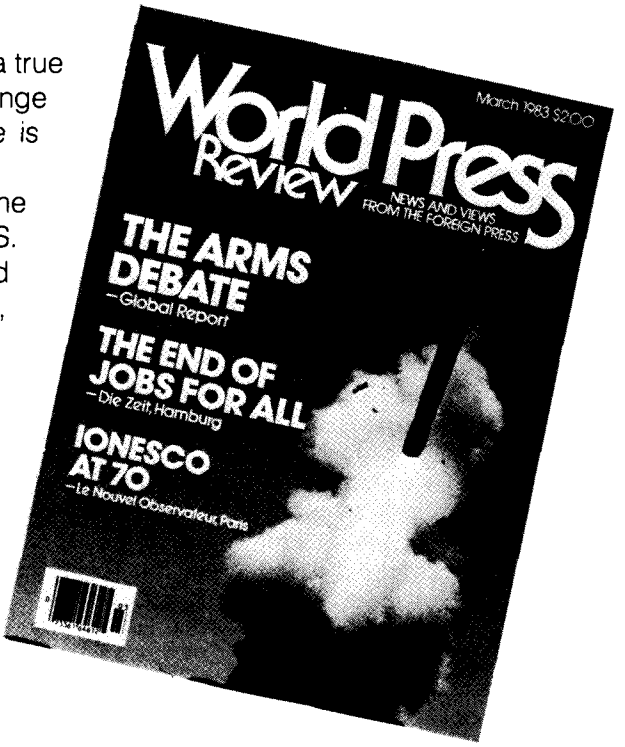

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touches and crucial connections.

But the ending is anything but quiet, although it has its subtleties. It is full of surprises and very moving. In the throes of another metamorphosis, Meni-Ka does not know whether he "will labor in greed forever among the demonic or serve some noble purpose I cannot name." What he does know is that he "must enter into the power of the word." And that is just what Meni-Ka-Mailer has done.

This is not all he has done. For one thing, he has written a novel like no other: the sword-and-sorcery potboilers are mere daydreams by comparison; the novels of ancient magic by Robert Graves, *Hercules, My Shipmate* and *Watch the North Wind Rise*, are psychologically shallow and without formal distinction; the anal magic, the representations of "the dark river of dissolution" in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, is unsystematic and patchy. Mailer's somber excavation of our aboriginal and buried human nature, I believe, is a new and permanent contribution to the possibilities of fiction and our communal efforts at self-discovery.

GEORGE STADE

George Stade is a professor of English at Columbia University, and the author of *Confessions of a Lady Killer* (Norton), a novel.

MACHO IN A MINOR KEY

Chronicle of a Death Foretold by Gabriel García Márquez translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Knopf, 120 pp., $10.95)

I have two problems in assessing this brief work by the latest Nobel Prizeman. The first relates to the fact that I've read it in translation, and any judgment on the quality of García Márquez's writing that I would wish to make is necessarily limited. Mr. Rabassa's rendering is smooth and strong with an inevitable North American flavor, but it is English, and García Márquez writes in a very pungent and individual Spanish. The second problem is the one that always comes up when a writer has received the final international accolade: dare one be wholly frank? Dare one set one's critical judgment up against what, though it is really only the verdict of a committee of literati in Stockholm, is accepted as a world consensus? I note, in Knopf's publicity handout, that we are to regard García Márquez as "South America's pre-eminent writer"—a view I cannot give accord to so long as Jorge Luis Borges is alive. I think, as is often the case with officially acclaimed writers of fiction, that the imputation of greatness has more to do with content—especially when it is social or political—than with aesthetic values. *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, a book which impressed me rather less than it seems to have impressed others, has undoubted power, but its power is nothing compared with the genuinely literary explorations of men like Borges and Nabokov. Now here is a new brief novel that is decent, assured, strong, but indubitably minor. I am not seduced by García Márquez's reputation, abetted by the bounty of Sweden, nor by Knopf's blurb, nor by its selection as the main current offering of the Book-of-the-Month Club into thinking it anything more.

Here is the story. We are in a Caribbean Hispanophone community. A wedding has taken place at which innumerable hogs and turkeys were devoured and there was a gargantuan flood of wine and cane liquor. The bride is proved on the wedding night to be no virgin and, in accordance with the custom of a society with primitive morals, she is sent back to her parents' house. Her deflowerer is Santiago Nasar, a man whose name proclaims his Arabic origins, and her two brothers kill him the morning after the wedding. Everybody else in the town knows this is going to happen except the potential victim. The assassins behave honorably in the sense that they neither deny their crime nor admit it was a crime. It is a situation well known in Europe and in Sicilian communities in the United States. It is the theme of the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It is a subject of rather remote anthropological interest. It can also be regarded as rather a boring subject.

The minimal distinction of the novella lies in the exactness with which its author has recorded the mores of a community in which machismo is the basic ethos. The bishop is coming on a river boat to give his blessing, and sacks of cockscombs await him to make his favorite soup. The town swelters in morning heat and hangover. Sex is a weapon, not a gesture of tenderness. The atmosphere is visceral. Rabbits are being gutted by the beginning of the story; at the end the dying Santiago Nasar enters his house "soaked in blood and carrying the roots of his entrails in his hands." There is also an element of debased hidalgo refinement.

> He stumbled on the last step, but he got up at once. 'He even took care to brush off the dirt that was stuck to his guts,' my Aunt Wene told me. Then he went into his house through the back door that had been open since six and fell on his face in the kitchen.

So the story ends.

Before we get to the end, which is less an end than an initial theme to be embroidered with the views of citizens locked in a tradition that they see no reason to break, we are given a sufficient anthropological survey of a society that has never known the benefits of aspirant Protestant materialism and ambiguous matriarchy. It is the world of *Martin Ferrol*, the Argentine epic that glorified machismo and helped to keep South American literature out of the real world. The little novel is an honest record, cunningly contrived, but it seems to abet a complacent debasement of morality rather than to open up larger vistas. It is, in a word, claustrophobic. It does not induce a view, as better fiction does, of human possibilities striving to rise out of a morass of conservative stupidity. The heart never lifts. All that is left is a plain narrative style and an orthodox narrative technique managed with extreme competence. Perhaps one is wrong to expect more from a Nobel Prizeman.

ANTHONY BURGESS

Anthony Burgess's new novel, *End of the World News*, was recently published by McGraw-Hill.

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A SEND-UP OF ARABY

The Marrakesh One-Two
by Richard Grenier

(Houghton Mifflin, 346 pp., $14.95)

Mark Twain never got around to writing a novel about the Arab world, which is too bad because his funniest stories always flowed from his indignations, and he was really indignant about the Arabs, for reasons that ranged from their bigoted refusal to "drink from a goatskin which we have polluted with our Christian lips" to their appalling cruelty to their horses. I dislike these people, the humorist exclaimed in *Innocents Abroad* (1869).

From the very opening sentences of *The Marrakesh One-Two*, it is clear that the distinguished movie critic, erstwhile movie scriptwriter, and two-time novelist, Richard Grenier, has given the Arab world a send-up that Mark Twain would have adored. Speaking in a vernacular voice that places him in the humorous tradition of Huck Finn, Mr. Dooley, and Holden Caulfield, Grenier's picaresque hero invites us to share his marvelously disenchanted point of view: "I could hear the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, but I didn't hear nobody pray, man. No, I didn't. And it's a pretty miserable call too, let me tell you. GWAWAWAWAWAWAWAWK. FNUHUHUHUHUHUH—glottal stop. On and on, five times a day."

The speaker, Burt Nelson, is a scriptwriter who has come to Marrakesh to work on a movie about the life of Mohammed. Financed by Arab oil money and packaged with Hollywood know-how, *Mohammed Superstar* looks like a one-two punch that can't miss. In the Arab world, however, nasty surprises lurk around every corner. The air conditioning at the Marrakesh Hilton, where Burt has taken a room in the hope of escaping the brutal heat, has not been functional since the Moroccan government expropriated the hotel, while the phone service specializes in wrong numbers. But what really makes the scriptwriter uncomfortable is his discovery, after reading several biographies of the Prophet, that Mohammed was "kind of a gamey figure for a religious leader, I mean for a man God spoke to personally." Here he was this orphan, Burt explains, who gets a job with this rich widow in the camel business, and although she's fifteen years older than Mohammed she proposes marriage to him and he accepts, the devil, and then they have all these girls and a boy who dies, and if you don't have a male offspring the Arabs call you "the mutilated one." So then Mohammed has this midlife crisis and gets the Call, and has visions, and goes into a trance, and Allah dictates all these suras to him, which together make up the Koran. "And either Mohammed is plagiarizing the Bible like mad . . . or it's one hell of a coincidence."

Then there's the whole hegira business. Mohammed goes to Medina, and there's politicking and ins and outs. And he expels one tribe of Jews, but they can take a little property. And then he expels another tribe of Jews, but they can't take any property. And then he gets sore and figures they've really driven him too far, and when the last tribe of Jews surrenders he has all the men slaughtered and the women and children taken as slaves. And later when an old adversary in intellectual disputes who'd kidded him some is thrown on his knees before the conquering Mohammed and pleads, "But who will care for my sons, Mohammed?" Mohammed cries, "The Devil!" and lops off his head. ("He didn't like to be kidded," says Burt.)

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mohammed has died and Mohammed is marrying a new girl every time you turn around. He catches a glimpse of the flesh of his stepson's daughter and is very disturbed, and prays to Allah and Allah tells him it's okay, he can marry her. And he's very disturbed about attacking the Meccan caravan, because killing is bad, but on the other hand the Meccans are very wicked, and he prays to Allah and Allah tells him, "Go get 'em," more or less. "He's always praying to Allah for guidance," is how Burt sees it, "and if Mohammed really wants something bad enough you get the impression Allah is going to tell him it's okay. I mean Allah can't seem to say no to him."

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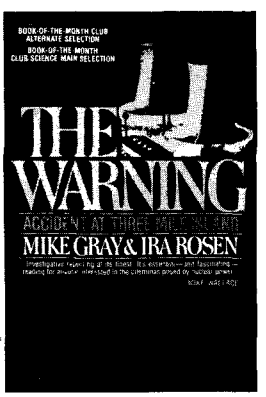
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The capsule biography of the Prophet is the first of many comic gems in *The Marrakesh One-Two*. Yet a serious moral purpose underlies Grenier's wish to make us laugh at Mohammedanism, and for the rest of the novel he brilliantly sustains that dualism of intention, most notably in the scene at the country club outside Marrakesh, which begins with the filming of a totally fake episode in the life of Mohammed for the sole purpose of entertaining the king of Morocco, but which ends in a welter of all too authentic blood. For forty years, Nathanael West's description in *The Day of the Locust* of how a crowd at a movie premiere at Kahn's Persian Picture Palace in Los Angeles degenerates into a rioting mob has stood as the ultimate representation of cinematic daydreams dissolving into real-life nightmare. The phoniness and the violence of Arab life, however, have now inspired an equally haunting vision. In lieu of the Persian picture palaces that defined the cultural factitiousness of life in Depression-era Los Angeles, we are offered the modern mansions of Marrakesh, which pathetically imitate the imitation-Moorish architecture of Beverly Hills. And instead of a mob at a movie premiere, a far more frightening phenomenon is thrust before our gaze—the gun-toting assassins who suddenly start spraying bullets across the improbably green fairways of a sports-crazy king's favorite golf course.

That the scriptwriter for *Mohammed Superstar* should find himself in the midst of an attempted coup d'état may seem like an accident, but it isn't, for in addition to being employed in the movie business Burt works as a spook for a covert-operations outfit in Washington. The question is, why is he moonlighting, and the answer is surprising. Because Burt loves his country. Breaking free of the anti-Americanism that for twenty years has envenomed the American novel, the author of *The Marrakesh One-Two* has created a hero who is a graduate, as he himself is, of one of the service academies and who is unashamed to admit that he is a "superpatriot, with red, white, and blue blood in my veins" and "Old Glory tattooed on my heart." In the light of those sentiments, one has to wonder whether there was a clandestine side to Grenier's life, too, during the long years when he was living abroad and writing film criticism for various French journals. I myself have no information on this subject, but I do know this: all of the tales in *The Marrakesh One-Two* about Burt's life as a spy, from his brief abduction by Moroccan revolutionists to his encounter with a Syrian agent on the Beirut corniche to his expressed contempt for the no-win attitude of the nervous Ivy Leaguer who is his assignment officer, are told with a quiet authority that I find impressive.

As the scene of the novel shifts eastward across Kaddafi's Libya to the sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf and finally to Iran, Grenier's hero does not fail to tell us in detail about the horrors he encounters. Yet even in the presence of an Iranian ayatollah, Burt maintains his comic balance. The number of things that an ayatollah has to remember, says Burt, "left me humbled and in awe," especially since most of the memorizing was of precepts like:

> The blood of an animal whose blood spurts is impure, but the blood of a mosquito, whose blood does not spurt, is pure. The blood of a man is impure, but blood that flows between a man's teeth is pure if diluted with saliva. In fact, eleven things are impure: urine, excrement, sperm, bones, dogs, pigs, non-Moslems, blood, beer, wine, and the sweat of the excrement-eating camel. It was all good stuff to know if you wanted to immerse yourself in Iranian culture, filled with helpful, homey details.

Are there any flaws at all in this resourceful, courageous book? Only in the obligatory sex scenes. The buxom blonde who once serviced the Shah of Iran and the radical chiclet who makes Burt feel at home in the back seat of a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud are literary ladies whom we have met before.

KENNETH S. LYNN

Kenneth S. Lynn is most recently the author of *The Air-line to Seattle* (University of Chicago Press).

RX FOR GROWTH

Profits and the Future of American Society
by S. Jay Levy and David A. Levy

(Harper & Row, 223 pp., $15.95)

At a time when every economist boasts a foolproof method of forecasting, S. Jay Levy can claim one credential that distinguishes him from most of his competitors: he's been accurate. Levy, founder and writer of *Industry Forecasts*, a successful business newsletter, looked foolish when he predicted in 1980 that high oil prices would eventually tumble and stood alone in 1981 when he ventured that 1982 would see an economy in shambles. If long-term vindication on tough calls spells the difference between luck and skill, then Levy deserves his Delphic reputation.

Not content with his iconoclasm among commercial forecasters on predictions of where the economy is going, Levy has now decided to show the academic economists a thing or two about why the economy performs as it does. The result, *Profits and the Future of American Society*, co-authored with his son David, is a distinctly non-ivory tower celebration of capitalism that shatters a few of the more ridiculous economic idols, but bounces off others harmlessly.

The Levys' thesis is that no one in charge—not the politicians nor their economists—pays any attention to the lifeblood of the American economy: profits. These wondrous bottom line figures, they stress repeatedly, are more than simply a measure of how corporations are faring. Profits, as long as they aren't in excess, are good for everybody. Inflation and lack of economic growth, they claim, aren't problems themselves but symptoms of scarcity and workers' hatred of profits. The authors devote the lion's share of their capitalist paean to the latter point, emphasizing how so many of the problems in the American economy can be linked to myths cultural, religious, and historical (read: Marxist) about the evils of profits.

They offer a sort of corporate trickle-down theory that takes a bit of getting

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used to, but, in the end, makes much more sense than a George Gilder inspired drip-down-from-the-rich hypothesis, if only because corporations can hire many more people than those wealthy few who once dwelled in the 70 percent tax bracket. Except for an occasional bit of ranting against socialists' antipathy toward profits, the Levys steer clear of the kind of self-righteous Spencerian moralizing that colored *Wealth and Poverty*.

In some ways the authors' recommendations for curing the economy resemble those of Lester Thurow in *The Zero Sum Society*, especially when they urge that Americans curb their appetite for a higher standard of living. But where Thurow says there is "nothing wrong" with increasing corporate earnings, the Levys take the offensive and argue that steady higher profits would be both a godsend and necessary if we are to boost productivity, get full employment, and improve the lot of America's poor.

The Levys are at their best when they defrock other economists. They make a strong theoretical argument against encouraging individuals to sock away more savings—the current vogue—noting that there can be no recovery without massive consumer spending. Even better, they expose the chicanery of the monetarist tribe, whose blind insistence on concentrating on money supply figures can be blamed almost singlehandedly for the Federal Reserve's disastrously stringent policies that drove us to the brink of depression last summer.

That said, *Profits* has a number of obvious shortcomings that make this work less useful than it could be. For one, the reductionist view that Western civilization can only be saved if we increase profits gives this book that peculiar obsessive tone characteristic of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, with its one-track insistence on a single tax, or more recently, Jude Wanniski's *The Way the World Works*, with its manic lust for a gold standard. America's economy is much too complex, and its problems are too deeply mired in sociological, cultural, and educational morasses to vanish at one press of the profits button.

Moreover, the Levys don't go far enough in telling us how we can test their prescription or put it to use. They insist only that the government "manage" profits. Does that mean we should scrap the corporate income tax? Do we give even more generous accelerated cost recovery schedules and investment tax credits—if such a thing can be imagined? Do we peg monetary growth to a profits index? Do we make Messrs. Levy co-chairmen of the Federal Reserve Board?

Finally, there remains an ironic weakness. Many sections of the book, including lengthy explanations of spiraling wage rates and a whole chapter entitled "The Inevitable Inflation" are rapidly becoming fiction. Disinflation, in part spurred by those plummeting oil prices S. Jay Levy predicted a few years back, and, in part furnished by wage cutbacks that the Levys say workers would never swallow until they read this book, doesn't merit a line here. It seems that *Profits and the Future of American Society* is one case where the authors are at their strongest when they aren't making predictions, but are exploring the causes and symptoms of old economic diseases.

JAMES J. CRAMER

James J. Cramer, a student at Harvard Law School, was on the staff of *The American Lawyer*.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

ROYAL PAIN

To the editors:

In Henry Fairlie's "Dreams of Royalty" (TNR, March 28) he complains about the absurd attention the British monarchy received here at every stage of a visit of obviously small importance. I wondered why he chose to discuss this so thoroughly as to repeat some of the worst gushes from the press instead of ignoring the whole thing and thus ending the cycle.

I considered writing you a letter on this subject, but thought better of it.

JAMES M. HENLE
Northampton, Massachusetts

ETHNIC HOGWASH

To the editors:

I am not a full-fledged WASP, only a WP, but I still found the following sentence in Paul Fussell's review of *The Forties* by Edmund Wilson (TNR, April 4) offensive: "He [Wilson] was that rare animal in the late twentieth-century Northeast, a goyish literary and political intellectual, with his WASPhood in no way compromised or perverted by the standard WASP gentility or narrowness."

Try replacing the word "WASP" with "Jew" and the word "goy" with "kike" to obtain a sentence equally false in its ethnic stereotype, but one so blatant that even the furthest right Southern Senator might hesitate to reprint it.

Is Fussell claiming a Jewish cultural monopoly in "the late twentieth-century Northeast"? THE NEW REPUBLIC can do without this sort of ethnic hogwash.

WILLIAM N. EBERLEIN
The University of Rochester
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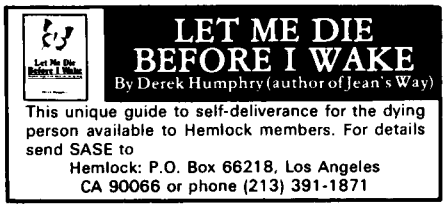
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Generation to Generation

"A TEACHER BECOMES his students," says the Talmud. And this sometime teacher and fallen academic flatters himself that it is so. Four of my former students are in the House of Representatives, two in the Senate, and, of the pack, only one is a Republican. One of the Democrats, Albert Gore Jr.—Congressman from Tennessee, soon-to-be-announced candidate to succeed Howard Baker in the Senate—came to lunch at TNR the other day. "It was a class act," observed one of our editors, who was wrong because it was not an act at all. Disciplined intelligence, ironic wit, awareness of moral ambiguity, and passion for both public service and the public good were already his when we met in a Harvard seminar sixteen years ago. So in this case, at least, I admit ruefully that it is hard to see the teacher in the student. His father was Senator from Tennessee for eighteen years, a white-maned Southern orator, populist, early supporter of civil rights, and dissenter from the Vietnam policy of his friend L.B.J. I once called Gore a Democratic version of "the sons of the wild jackass," and the son took umbrage, not understanding the compliment. (The sons of the w.j. were rip-snortingly independent Republicans like La Follette of Wisconsin and Norris of Nebraska.) The filial loyalty of junior for senior, of Al for Albert, is as real as it is touching, and wholly unaffected by the fact that the old Senator is now in the employ of Armand Hammer. Young Gore's liberalism is more complicated and, in the best sense, less sure or cocksure, though he has made himself the scourge of the oil companies. He was given a hard time by some at lunch for his support of the nuclear freeze. But his answers were so learned, so honest, and so respectful of his critics that he disarmed them. Why am I so struck by this respect for others? One reason, perhaps, is that as a young man he always called my wife "ma'am"; she would invariably look behind her to see if there was some other woman present. Another reason is that genuine respect for others is rare in our politics. I am old-fashioned enough to think there is a connection between these two forms of courtesy.

IT HAS BEEN YEARS since an article in *The New York Times Magazine* has provoked such discussion as has Nicholas Gage's "My Mother Eleni: The Search for Her Executioners" (April 3), an adaptation from his forthcoming book, *Eleni* (Random House). It is a taut and riveting tale of the torture by Greek Communists of a mother whose crime it had been to try to keep her young children from being pressed into the guerrilla cause. She was but one of thousands of such victims in the Greek Civil War. Obsessive memory drives the son, now an American reporter, to find her killers. His story of how leftist guerrillas murder peasants in whose name they fight is of a timely genre and mostly an untold one. We know much about what rightist terror squads do in Guatemala and El Salvador, but we choose as a culture—and our press chooses as a profession—not to know of the blood of mothers and children spilled in the path of revolution and what is called progress. There are other disparities. When left terror kills, as it did in Lia, Eleni's mountain village in 1948, and as it did recently in a massacre of more than fifty Peruvian peasants on April 3, it is often inclined to the impertinence of legality, to stage a show trial; after the trial come the frankly indiscriminate massacres, the razing of villages, the dispersing of populations. The other big difference is that no one idealizes the likes of D'Aubisson, though some, in grotesquely cynical calculations of *raison d'etat*, prefer him to his adversaries. But even the hardest hearted of his backers understand D'Aubisson to be morally squalid. Not so those who backed Eleni's killers or those who backed the killers of the thousands of subsequent Elenis trying to shield their children in Vietnam and Angola and in El Salvador, too. For these murderers on the left, there are always, in our universities and churches and entertainment and opinion industries, lionized and lionizing folk eager to mythologize the cruel and violent as virtuous. Their reputations somehow remain untouched by the rivers of blood that flow right past them.

THE STRUGGLE OVER what was the true Gandhi and the false continues, not least in these pages. Hollywood this week chimed in with its historical verdict. One fact that puzzles me is why the latter-day Gandhians are still provoked to greater outrage by the Amritsar massacre of 1919, in which the British killed hundreds, than by the ongoing massacres committed by Indians against Indians. Millions have been murdered in these killings since independence, many thousands in recent weeks. The perpetrators are not punished. They are not even sought after. No wonder the memory of Amritsar is kept alive.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR and generation to generation for over four millennia, Jews have marked the Passover Seder celebrating the Exodus and liberation from slavery. At the Seder, the usual practice is for the youngest child present to ask the four questions to which the *Haggadah* narrative and interpolations constitute an answer. I heard recently of a Seder to which an octogenarian aunt had come from the long night in Soviet Russia. She had not seen her sister, now an American, since before the Revolution; she had not celebrated Passover since shortly after it. For nearly three decades she had been imprisoned in Siberia, where Passover was forbidden. In Moscow, more recently, it was merely dangerous. At this Seder, she, not the youngest, asked the four questions. She remembered them because even the commissars cannot snuff out the memory of faith and the yearning for freedom and one's own identity that it kindles. Of course in the Communist orbit, anti-Zionism has long been the preferred guise for Jew-hatred. The distinction, however, is false everywhere. The basic nexus that connects Jews to each other is the idea of peoplehood, now crystallized in the very much this-worldly state of Israel. Some people deplore this Jewish identification with Israel; but, as Shlomo Avineri has pointed out, some people deplored the obstinacy of the Jews in the Middle Ages in not becoming Christians. In the modern era, some people deplored the obstinacy of the Jews in not disappearing altogether. This is a refusal to accept the Jews as what they see themselves to be—legitimately sovereign in the soil from which they, and the very notion of nationhood itself, sprung—the only alternative to oblivion, their history's only possible destiny. If this refusal is not anti-Semitism, what is?

M.P.

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5,000,000 have diabetes and don't know it...

You could be one

It's estimated that 5 million Americans have diabetes and don't know it. The early symptoms are vague and may seem minor. As a result, they are often ignored or not taken seriously enough. Yet, if undiagnosed, diabetes can lead to serious complications affecting various parts of the body, including eyes, heart, kidneys, brain or even life itself.

What are the symptoms of diabetes?
There may be none. Or there may be such simple things as an increase in skin infections or a slower healing of bruises and cuts. Also, be aware of excessive thirst or hunger, frequent need to urinate and extreme fatigue.

These symptoms do not necessarily occur all at once and they usually develop gradually. So it's easy to understand how they can be overlooked or considered part of the normal aging process.

It is important, therefore, to be alert to changes in your body and report them directly to your doctor. You have a greater chance of being diabetic if you are over 40, overweight or have a history of diabetes anywhere in the family.

What is diabetes?
Diabetes is a disorder in which the body cannot control the levels of sugar in the blood. Normally the hormone, insulin, regulates the blood sugar level. But if your body does not produce or effectively use its insulin, diabetes results.

Treatment of diabetes.
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The diagnosis is easy.
But only your doctor can make it. And remember, if you are over 40 and overweight, or have diabetes in your family, you should have regular blood and urine tests. Early diagnosis in adults can lead to better management and fewer problems later on.

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